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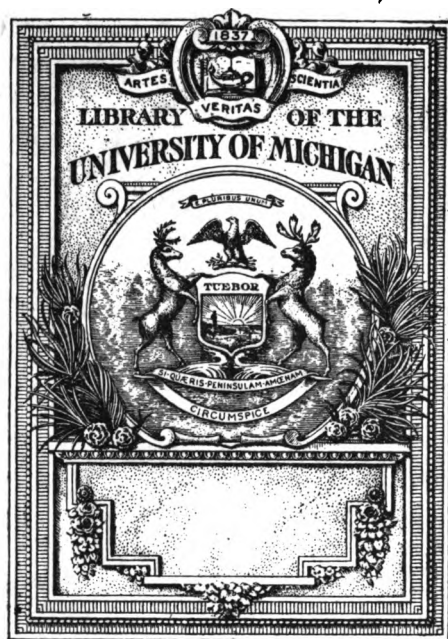
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ANTHOLOGY  
OF MAGAZINE VERSE

FOR 1919

BY

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE



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**ANTHOLOGY  
OF  
MAGAZINE VERSE  
FOR 1919**

**BOOKS BY MR. BRAITHWAITE**

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**VERSE**

The Five Wisdoms of Grainne, A Book  
of Poems. (Spring, 1920.)  
The House of Falling Leaves. (Out of  
Print.)  
Lyrics of Life and Love. (Out of  
Print.)

**PROSE**

Going Over Tindal, A Novel. (Spring,  
1920.)  
The Story of the Great War  
Our Essayists of To-Day  
The Poetic Year for 1916, A Critical  
Anthology

**ANTHOLOGIES**

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1919  
and Yearbook of American Poetry  
Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1918  
and Yearbook of American Poetry  
Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1917  
and Yearbook of American Poetry  
Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916  
and Yearbook of American Poetry  
Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915  
and Yearbook of American Poetry  
Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1914  
and Yearbook of American Poetry  
Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913  
and Yearbook of American Poetry  
The Book of Modern British Verse  
The Golden Treasury of Magazine Verse  
The Book of Elizabethan Verse  
The Book of Restoration Verse  
The Book of Georgian Verse

ANTHOLOGY  
OF  
MAGAZINE VERSE

FOR 1919

AND YEAR BOOK OF  
AMERICAN POETRY

EDITED BY  
WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE



BOSTON  
SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS



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TO  
MY FRIEND  
CARL H. LITZELMANN  
THE IDEAL BOOKMAN  
TO WHOM  
I OWE A GREAT POSSESSION

367655



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## INTRODUCTION

The end of the first year of Peace — as we call it — following nearly five years of terrible warfare, is more fittingly a time for reflection than critical comment.

When the roar of guns died into final silence on the major battlefields of Europe and Asia, there came into being the deeper and broader sounds of the hostilities of the human soul; the score or more of little wars that went on throughout Europe and Asia for months after the Armistice was signed in France was lost in the great turmoil of social and economic conflict. All the great nations that were engaged in the World War were thrown into ferment by either the victory or defeat each had achieved. The victors were as dissatisfied with what they found at home as the vanquished. The war had been a great leveller of the national fabric everywhere. The result had been that the people after fighting for their governments *against* other governments, began a warfare against their own governments. Riots and strikes have been the manifestation of this conflict. Something went wrong, very wrong, after all the sacrifice that had been made to prosecute a war "for democracy."

What the war had done the Peace Conference has undone. The men in the trenches had laid with their flesh and blood a road to Utopia but the officials refused to follow in its direction, and instead blocked it up and took the other way. That silly notion that existed and was fostered that the men who fought would determine the character of the nation has vanished. They had a glimpse of justice and brotherhood but their own cities smothered the vision in their eyes. The cities told them to take a commonsense view of things while so much unrest was in the world. And the commonsense point of view was not to disturb the old order. But the old order was passing, which the officials would not believe, and the new that was coming to birth was in travail. Governments have got to be just or governments will fall — is the last warning of democracy. At the heart of reconstruction is that insistent note.

Will the American poet find his place in the new scheme of things? He did not find his place in the war, say what one may for his exclamations about liberty and democracy. There have been a few timid intimations that he will. The timidities will vanquish when he takes a firmer hold upon his leadership. And one can be convinced, by ample evidence, that the public *really* supports him as an advocate. The spiritual advocate of national aspirations. And if need be, as in other times, the militant crusader of their hopes. D'Annunzio is an illustrious example, true to the Italian tradition, of a poet's act symbolizing a people's will.

There is a poem in this volume that demands careful attention and study. It is a pointed light of vision in the dark places of our existence. I refer to Edwin Arlington Robinson's "The Valley of the Shadow." The piece is surgery. But the poet knows the anatomy of human character and experience. The passion there is to heal, strengthen and restore. I mention this poem, merely, as a recognition — of the glance ahead.

Otherwise I shall let this year's issue of the "Anthology" speak for itself. It will be both praised and blamed as a matter of course — and none stoppeth the water running under the bridge!

W. S. B.

*Arlington Heights,  
Massachusetts.*





## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the American poets and to the editors and proprietors of the magazines from which I have selected the poems included in the *Anthology*, I wish to express my obligation for the courteous permissions given to make use of copyright material in the preparation of this volume.

I wish, also, to thank the Boston Transcript Company for permission to use material which appeared in my annual review of American poetry in the columns of *The Evening Transcript*.

To the following publishers I am indebted for the privilege of using the poems named from the volumes in which they have been included, and which have been published before the appearance of this *Anthology*:

The Macmillan Company: "The Return," "The Lost Singer," and "The Girl," in *The New Day*, by Scudder Middleton; "The Flute," in *Pictures of a Floating World*, by Amy Lowell; "Words" and "Winter Poetry," in *Poems of Gladys Cromwell*.

Henry Holt and Company: "The Granite Mountain" and "Beat Against Me No Longer," in *Many Many Moons*, by Lew Sarett.

E. P. Dutton and Company: "The Return"

and "I Pass a Lighted Window," in *The Earth Turns South*, by Clement Wood.

George H. Doran Company: "Violin Music" and "An Autumn Walk with Deborah," in *Candles that Burn*, by Aline Kilmer; "Rouge Bouquet," in the *Collected Poems of Joyce Kilmer*.

B. W. Huebsch: "The Everlasting Return," in *The Ghetto and Other Poems*, by Lola Ridge; "Ma," in *A Family Album and Other Poems*, by Alter Brody.

Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.: "Laurel," "Coins," "An End," "Autumn," and "Dream," in *The Beloved Stranger*, by Witter Bynner.

Charles Scribner's Sons: "To Italy, 1918," in *Service and Sacrifice*, by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson.

The Stratford Publishing Company: "John Masfield," in *Song Flame*, by Amy Bridgman.

The Britton Publishing Company: "For Poets Slain in War," in *Pierrot Wounded and Other Poems*, by Walter Adolphe Roberts.

Small, Maynard and Company: "What Grew in Joan's Garden," in *Victory! Celebrated by Thirty-Eight American Poets*.

## THE RETURN

Just as a mother long ago  
Held her sweet child at last, so we  
Hold Life again within our arms  
And lean to kiss him tenderly.

Life has come back into our hearts.  
To us who bound the brow of Death  
With too much laurel and who praised  
Too much the going out of breath —  
He has come back!

O we shall hold him safely now,  
Poor hungry child upon whose head  
Was laid the whip, to whom war gave  
The bullet and the sword for bread.

He has come back!  
Now shall we keep him in our hearts  
And heal him by the music there.  
We shall give War the truthful name  
And snatch the roses from his hair.

We shall make songs and cities now,  
Chart skies and tame the eastern fire,  
And build an earthly Paradise  
For him by engines of desire.

*The Nation*

*Scudder Middleton*

## WHAT GREW IN JOAN'S GARDEN

What grew in Joan's garden?  
(Gather up your swords and come!)  
What grew in Joan's garden?  
(Calls the clarion; sounds the drum.)

Daisies, pansies, Flemish lilies,  
(Warriors, rise ye — row on row!)  
Red-hearts, stars, and daffodillies.  
(High the dark waves ebb and flow.)

Safely trellised, green shoots nestle  
(Shout, O Voices, in her ear!)  
Farther, higher, strong boughs wrestle,  
(On, O on, the day is here!)

What grew in Joan's garden,  
In the dawn-sky do ye see?  
What grew in Joan's garden?  
— God, and France, and Victory!

*The Boston Transcript*

*Annette Wynne*

## THE FLUTE

"Stop! What are you doing?"  
"Playing on an old flute."  
"That's Heine's flute. You must n't touch it."  
"Why not, if I make it sound?"  
"I don't know why not, but you must n't."  
"I don't believe I can — much. It's full of dust.  
Still, listen:"

The rose moon whitens the lifting leaves.  
Heigh-ho! the nightingale sings!  
Through boughs and branches the moon-thread  
weaves.  
Ancient as time are these midnight things.

The nightingale's notes over-bubble the night.  
Heigh-ho! yet the night is so big!  
He stands on his nest in a wafer of light  
And the nest was once a philosopher's wig.

Moon-sharp needles and dew on the grass.  
Heigh-ho! it flickers, the breeze!  
Kings, philosophers, periwigs pass.  
Nightingales hatch their eggs in the trees.

Wigs and pigs and kings and courts,  
Heigh-ho! rain on the flower!  
The old moon thinks her white, bright thoughts,  
And trundles away before the shower.

"Well, you got it to play."  
"Yes, a little. And it has lovely silver mountings."

*The Century Magazine*

*Amy Lowell*

## EARTH

### I

Earth, let me speak to you,  
Earth, let me listen to you;  
Patient, brooding, melancholy;  
Earth of many harvests.

Earth, let me rest upon you,  
Earth, let me sleep upon you,  
Deep, dark-bosomed mother,  
Shaper of my life.

Mother of the grass  
That grows and is mown in a season,  
Mother of the tree  
That abides for a hundred years in strength;

Mother of the man  
Whose years fall swiftly as the grass,

Whose spirit stands yet as a tree  
Unshattered by the gales;

Womb out of which I emerged,  
Grave into which I must enter,  
Hear me, mother of my song;  
Give reply.

In the splendor of the morning  
Hear my question:  
"Why are not men made as Gods  
That they may know the beauty of the earth?"

In the weariness of evening  
Answer low:  
"I am the ultimate mistress,  
I open wide my arms that all may come."

## II

Earth of bright harvest fields,  
Rich, firm-breasted, fertile, yielding  
Golden grain and gleaming flowers,  
Song-birds, butterflies;

Orchard-bearing earth,  
Chastely beautiful in the spring;  
After the dense, dull showers of summer,  
Glowing in pride, mature;

Flaming with scarlet fruit,  
Heavy, firm, and sweet to the taste;  
Glowing with wild berries  
Sharp and bitter;

You are the giver of all life,  
Bountiful, fruitful, worn with years,

Offering your body up  
Still to the casual sun;

You are the grave that awaits me,  
The peace that is greater than life's peace,  
The curtain of silence that falls  
Upon the close of the play.

### III

Earth of dark battlefields,  
Red-soaked burnt earth, crumbling, barren,  
Earth under which the armies burrowed  
As into living tombs;

Earth that is slashed and rent;  
Shell-gouged, trench-torn, bruised, and battered,  
Earth that is desolate,  
A stark and horrible shape.

Weedy, forsaken earth,  
Stagnant with scummy, rotting pools,  
Earth where nothing flourishes  
But the rat, the hawk, the crow;

You are the grave of my hopes,  
You are the sterile harlot  
Kissing me with the fierce kisses of death  
That eat my lips and eyes;

You are the mother of new life,  
Torn with the pangs of a monstrous birth,  
The unforgettable shame  
Through which we men renew.



IV

Dust returns to the dust,  
And spirit goes back into spirit;  
Who speaks with the tongue of the earth,  
Earth only can set him free.

Of me the winds shall speak  
When they cry with half-human voices,  
For me the rains shall complain  
In their long fallings;

Through me the stars shall burn bright  
Over desolate ruined cities;  
Through me new cities shall rise,  
Fair as the ones in my dreams.

My tears have dropped on the earth,  
And the earth has received them.  
My voice has called out to the earth,  
Earth's silence will answer my speech.

My years turn to seaward now,  
A river of sorrows, burdened, dark;  
Fed by the clouds and tempests  
Of other years.

I have buried my hopes in the earth,  
As a man robbed of all but one treasure  
Hides that away  
In the hills;

I have looked far away to the future,  
As a man who at sunset peers  
Into the cloudy, smouldering west  
Finds the faint evening star.

*The Yale Review*

*John Gould Fletcher*

## THE PAGAN

But I shall feel the wind again,  
Shall drink the scent of flower and pine:  
And I shall bask in April suns  
Where budding willow boughs are mine,  
The stars will beat across the night,  
The waves will shout their tumult then;  
And I shall answer in my joy,  
My joy at praising life again.

For I have lived with waving grass  
And roots and golden sap astir;  
The earth has held me to her breast,  
And I shall laugh again with her.  
I have loved clouds that drift and pass,  
My heart has flamed to eager bloom  
In gold and crimson poppy leaves  
And rose perfume.

And I shall dance beneath the light  
Of silver crescent moons in spring,  
And I shall sleep upon the leaves  
Of autumn's yellow mouldering.  
For somewhere there will open wide  
A little magic, outer door,  
And I shall pass beyond to find  
The loveliness I knew before.

*The Nation*

*Rose Henderson*

## A NOTE FROM THE PIPES

Pan, blow your pipes and I will be  
Your fern, your pool, your dream, your tree!

I heard you play, caught your swift eye,  
"A pretty melody!" called I,  
"Hail, Pan!"—and sought to pass you by.

Now blow your pipes and I will sing  
To your sure lips' accompanying!  
Wild god, who lifted me from earth,  
Who taught me freedom, wisdom, mirth,  
Immortalized my body's worth,

Blow, blow your pipes! And from afar  
I'll come — I'll be your bird, your star,  
Your wood, your nymph, your kiss, your rhyme,  
And all your godlike summer-time!

*The Nation*

*Leonora Speyer*

## THE NATURALIST ON A JUNE SUNDAY

My old gardener leans on his hoe,  
Tells me the way that green things grow;  
"Goin' to church? Why, no.  
All nature's church enough for me!"  
Says he.

"Preachin' o' flower and choir o' bird,  
An' the wind passin' the plate —  
Sweetest service that ever I heard,  
That's straight!  
*Eternal Rest?*  
What for, friend?  
Gimme a swarm o' bees to tend,  
A honey-makin', world without end,  
That's what I'd like the best!  
(Scoop 'em right up an' find the queen,  
They'd not sting *me* — the bees ain't mean!)

" Heaven's all right!  
 But still I guess I'll kinder miss  
 The Lady Lunar moth at night  
 And the White Wanderer butterfly  
 Crawl' out of its chrysalis!  
 I want my heaven human too,  
 'Twixt me an' you —  
 Why, I'd jus' love to see  
 A chipmunk hop up to the Lord  
 An' eat right out o' His dread Hand  
 Same as it does to me!  
 Eternity — eternity —  
 Don't it sound grand?  
 But say,  
*What's the matter with today?*  
 Just step into the wood an' take a look!  
 Ain't that a page o' teachin' from the Holy Book?  
 ' He that hath eyes to see  
 An' ears to hear '—  
 That's good enough for me!  
 I guess God's pretty near,  
 He'll understand, *I* know,  
 Why I ain't in no hurry to let June go!"

My old gardener turns to his hoe,  
 Helping the green things how to grow,  
 " The Misses can go to church for me!  
 Amen!" says he.

*Contemporary Verse*

*Leonora Speyer*

## WEEK-END SONNETS

### I

Come out to our house any week-end in June,  
When dandelions riot in the grass:  
And drink the yellow floods of afternoon,  
Poured from a sky of blue and quivering glass.  
Go through the arbor where the ramblers mass  
In crimson flame against white lattices:  
Open the easy swinging gate, and pass  
Beneath the birch, between the maple trees  
With tops a-tremble in the southwest breeze:  
Follow along the curving gravel walk  
Up to the terrace top, where, as you please,  
Tobacco, high adventure, casual talk,  
And journey's end await, if you are one  
Who would live much and quietly in the sun.

### II

The easy swinging gate you entered through  
Has worn and rusty hinges; but they creak  
A little song of welcoming to you,  
Sung in the only language they can speak.  
They know the gladdest day of all the week,  
And count upon it, even as you and I.  
Their Monday morning voice is but a squeak;  
Somehow they can not learn to sing "Goodbye."  
You may not think such knowingness can lie  
In rusted hinges of an arbor gate;  
But everywhere in earth and air and sky  
Alluring undiscovered wonders wait,  
And high adventure lurks; and splendor clings  
In trivial and unsought-after things.

### III

On Sunday morning you may go to church  
 In any way you please, or not at all.  
 There is a stately one beneath our birch,  
 A lowlier one out by the garden wall:  
 Methodist, Catholic, Episcopal,  
 Are all within an easy morning's stroll;  
 But if these venerable creeds appal,  
 A garden spade may benefit your soul;  
 Or some eternal verity unroll  
 As you spread paint upon the kitchen screens,  
 Or fix fresh cut nasturtiums in a bowl,  
 Or hold communion with the lima beans.  
 Or you may put your clean white flannels on  
 And meet it as you ramble through the lawn.

### IV

But do not make a desperate search for God  
 Lest you offend his quiet dignity.  
 The week-end is no time to pant or plod  
 The rock-strewn roads of any Calvary.  
 It is a time to live in the sun, and see  
 Your favorite god by glimpses, everywhere.  
 I find him lurking quite persistently  
 In our young daughter's laugh, and in her hair;  
 And if the baby smiles, he lingers there:  
 But when the baby cries, he understands  
 And straightway slips without offense or care  
 Into my wife's brown eyes and her white hands;  
 And many a moonlit night in fall he comes  
 To dance among the red chrysanthemums.

*Contemporary Verse*

*John French Wilson*

## TO A TEXAS PRIMROSE

A flake of cloud was trembling cast  
Where April walked in dew;  
Earth loved the alien, made it fast;  
It blushed, and then was you.

So light it seems you'd upward go,  
Then tender turn and cling  
And like a maid 'tween nod and no  
Grow sweeter wavering.

Still in two worlds you hold a dower;  
The snowdrop of the air,  
And rose of earth, here one in flower  
A double beauty dare.

But this thing lack you. (May it be  
You will not lack it long!)  
You've no estate in poesy,  
No pedigree in song.

What lovers of the stern frontier  
Here halted, no less brave  
For wondering how you'd glowing cheer  
An uncompanioned grave!

Heroes, but not of those who go  
To conquest pen in hand,  
So left your loveliness to blow  
Unmeasured and unscanned.

Royal your robe from ancient time,  
Ere rose and daffodil,  
But must for want of brodered rhyme  
Kirtle a gypsy still.

So meekly shining, shyly gay,  
And so for music meet,

I wonder what would happen, say,  
If I were Herrick, sweet.

Ah, he would smuggle you somehow  
Into the Muses' hall,  
And proud court flowers there should bow  
To a new queen lineal.

With hint and smile he'd fix your sound  
Unquestioned dynasty,  
Sending the happy whisper round,  
Beauty is pedigree.

And Grasmere's sage, if hereabout  
He found your face at dawn,  
Would silent sit the full day out,  
And dark would come too soon.

Then mumbling home he'd take you too,  
Imprisoned in a line,  
And ne'er would you need sun or dew  
Who there so fixed would shine.

O delicate barbarian,  
I've no immortal art  
To sing you as the laurelled can,  
But travel in my heart,

And though my way be bare and brown  
And many a mile we see,  
I vow I will not set you down  
This side of Castaly.

*Scribner's Magazine*

*Olive Tilford Dargan*

## PICTURES OF WOMEN

### AN OLD WOMAN WITH FLOWERS

I like to see the eager-faced old woman  
Walking at sunset down the city street.



Always she holds against her heart with fervor  
Her sprays of meadow-sweet.

She passes daily, and I never see her  
Without the flowers she gathers to her so.  
I do not know how destiny softens, hardens  
The ways her feet must go,

Nor what her eyes forever are beholding  
Beyond the sordid walls and grimy towers,  
Nor what against her aged heart she presses,  
Pressing the meadow flowers.

#### THE SLACKER

The snow is lying very deep.  
My house is sheltered from the blast.  
I hear each muffled step outside,  
I hear each voice go past.

But I'll not venture in the drift  
Out of this bright security,  
Till enough footsteps come and go  
To make a path for me.

#### THE BROKEN TIE

How the wind blew,  
And the snow threw  
Its ermine softness at my window-pane!  
Now I am there again,  
In the old house as once on a winter night.  
About the rooms I stray,  
A stranger, yet at home forevermore.  
A creak of the floor —  
Why, here comes Rosalie,  
Here's Gordon tiptoeing to me,  
Holding his candle high.  
Children, children, I have come back — yes, I!

What has become of the house I have forsworn?  
What other forms are they,  
Bringing new garnishment to nook and hall?  
I see them not at all,  
As here I sit, a mother miles away,  
And roam the rooms and roam the rooms till morn.

#### BARK-BOUND

In her home a woman I know  
Is a bark-bound tree;  
The flowers bloom at her feet,  
But she does not see.

The knife has glittered by  
To the forest to prune,  
And left her deaf to the wind  
And blind to the moon.

She must live on her sap  
In her ease and dark,  
Until she shrivels and dies  
In her walls of bark.

Unless the glittering knife  
Should return her way,  
And set its steel to the dark  
And let in day.

#### IN THE MORGUE

She who walked with flaming dress  
And the gems of idleness,

She who counted in her troop  
Young man Dream and old man Dupe,

Comes at last to lay her head  
Here among the unclaimed dead.

She was weary as the sages  
With the riddle of the ages,  
Saying to midnight: "Whether or no,  
Half the world is builded so;"  
Saying to morn: "Come do your mocking! —  
But there's money in my stocking!"  
Now, with strong, insistent voice  
Calling, urging to the choice,  
More than gems or loves that were,  
The stern sea has tempted her.

#### THE SWEEPER

Frail, wistful guardian of the broom,  
The dwelling's drudge and stay,  
Whom destiny gave a single task —  
To keep the dust away!  
Sweep off the floor and polish the chair.  
It will not always last.  
Some day, for all your arms can do,  
The dust will hold you fast.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

*Agnes Lee*

#### THE LOST HEART

Is there a lost child crying in the night  
And wandering through mists that never lift?  
Nay, this is nothing, nothing: close your bright  
Desirous eyes and into slumber drift.  
It is not any child beneath dull skies  
That cries and wanders in a place apart. . . .

This thing that troubles you and wakes your eyes  
Is my heart lost and crying to your heart.

*The Liberator*

*Herbert S. Gorman*

### DAVID

David was a shepherd lad, beautiful as you,  
Sang within a shadowed tent to sooth a king's unrest.

Oh, the bashful years in which he made the songs and  
hoarded them,  
By the other shepherd lads all unguessed.

David's song is in a book, for stupid folk to bow before,  
Folk who think it wisdom, which is only lovely song.

You are kin to him, you see beauty in a little moon,  
In branches bent to lash you with each faint gray thong.

David, when he found his songs — did he use to practice them

For a little shepherd maid who marveled at each line?

When he left his humble task, and drew the king from weariness —

She who heard the songs first, was her pride like mine?

*The Bellman*

*Mary Carolyn Davies*

### WHIP-POOR-WILL

A moonlit mist the valley fills,  
Though rides unseen herself the moon;

Behind me sleep majestic hills,  
Before me fragrant fields of June.

Such breathless silence fills the place  
I seem to hear the night moths pass;  
Soft wings have touched my hands and face,  
And firefly lamps above the grass

Have lit a moment, clustered white,  
The mountain laurel buds that gleam  
Against the velvet depth of night  
Like blooms of childhood seen in dream.

So lone am I, so far from men,  
My kinship with the earth I feel;  
And mystic things beyond my ken  
Does sybil darkness slow reveal.

I enter through a moonlit door,  
Before me fragrant silence lies;  
And out beyond our human shore,  
Where moaning billows fall and rise,

I pass toward headlands dim and far  
That girdle with white walls of foam  
A land where things eternal are  
That seems the soul's remembered home.

Behind me fades the earth I knew,  
Beyond the world of sense am I;  
From mountains of the soul I view  
The things I worshipped passing by:

Before me do they come and go  
Through rhythmic changes manifold  
With refluence and resurgence slow  
By laws established from of old

But swift upon the silence falling  
There comes a strange, familiar cry;

Persistent, iterant the calling,  
And evermore without reply.

In it are life's unquenched desire  
And age-old requiems of pain  
Upheavals of volcanic fire,  
The loneliness of midnight rain

The silence breaks in waves of sound;  
The throbbing heart of life I feel.  
O ye who wingless walk the ground!  
Two worlds there are: But which is real?

*The Yale Review*

*Louis V. Ledoux*

## THE QUEEN-BEE FLIES

High on the breeze flies the virgin-queen, queen of the  
hive!

Across the calm of skies and the cool of trees — she  
flies — she flies — swifter than all the others — and  
they follow, the passionate bees.

Over the green-gold stretch of wheat and rye, tangled  
and tied in the blue of vetch, over the riot of brown-  
gold brook and the quiet of brown-gold road — see  
the glint and gleam of her and the speckled cloud  
of drones in the cloudless sky as they chase and  
dream of her!

Hear the hot fierce song of the drones, the melody of  
their fevered wings — they stagger and fall, weak-  
lings, despised —

They shall not know her, these crawling louts of the  
honey-comb!

For she has been fed on a flower-brewed wine, lore of  
the hive, store of the hive, she has been fed and  
bred a queen, she has piped to the bees in the dark of  
her cell and heard them answer, running, swaying,  
dancing, drumming, honey-drunk with the joy of her  
coming!

Straight as a tiny bird and as swift, flies the virgin-  
queen, queen of the hive, and after her all that are  
fleet of wing —

Only they that are fleet of wing.

Only the strongest of all shall wed her,  
Whirl with her,  
Swirl with her,  
High in the air,  
Mate with her,  
Mix with her,  
Clasp and cling,  
Fly with her,  
Die of her,  
There on the wing!

And out of the sky she slips like a falling star — for  
the flight is over — out of the sky drop the drones —

Out of summer she slips into summer again, briar-  
rose, daisy and blue-eyed grasses, honey-sweet cluster  
of pink-sweet clover — the flight is over, the queen-  
bee passes!

Back to the hive now, bride and widow and queen,  
mother of all the hive to be — and the drones follow  
after, reverently — the drones follow after, all save  
one.

There is a murmuring in the comb, a sound of singing in the honey-comb: the workers welcome their quickened queen:

There is a roaring in the comb, a sound of shrilling in the honey-comb: the workers sting to death the useless drones.

For she will give to the hive its race, worker and drone as she will — lover of honey or lover of queen — she, the mother of all the hive.

But never again the flight! The mad, gay flight through the heart of June — never again — never again —

The queen-bee flies but once.

Does she remember that whirling hour of sun and green and love and death? Does she remember the song of the drones, the song of the swiftest drone of all, who dared to fly with her, dared to conquer her —

Dared to die of the pang supreme?

After the flight, the long, long night of the hive. The queen-bee gives to the hive its race, worker and drone as she will, she seeks new hives as the old hives fill — four summers, five summers perhaps — and then,

She knows the final flight of all.

La reine est morte! Vive la reine!

Vive la reine — high on the breeze flies the virgin-queen, the gold-winged queen — she flies — she flies



— swifter than all the others — and they follow, the  
passionate bees.

Autumn stands in her wide, warm meadows, russet  
grasses and bursting thistle, fern and aster and  
golden-rod — where still a thousand, thousand bees  
buzz at the cup of summer's lees.

Carmelites of June! Build high those patient, waxen  
temples — they shall endure! Fill them with the  
honey-souls of flowers, like sweet saints in their niches  
— fill them with the golden dew of summer — with a  
rapturous worship in the fragrant dusk of your celi-  
bate-cells —

With your low, slow song, praising — praising —  
eternity-long!

*The Lyric*

*Leonora Speyer*

## THE CONGREGATION

The ghosts of night's long hours depart  
In congregation dreary,  
And leave my sorrow-trampled heart  
Intolerably weary.

But chirpings bright in dewy wood  
Foretell divine tomorrows,  
And little birds are very good  
To dissipate great sorrows.

*The Bellman*

*Gamaliel Bradford*

## TREES

### *The Catalpa*

Pink-sprinkled summer twilight  
And soft brown velvet tones  
Of a violin.

### *The Apple Tree*

Dance, *ma petite cherie*,  
Isn't it spring?  
And spring doesn't last always,  
*Ma petite cherie*.

### *Pines*

The slow measure of the chanted war song . . .  
The storm cloud, dull throbbing black against the  
sky . . .  
The lover constant though unloved.

### *Poplars*

Statuesque cold-eyed women  
In smooth, caress-inviting green silk  
*En promenade*.

### *The Oak*

Yes, William Morris,  
Here is your heart  
In a tree,  
Where you would have it.  
Yes, it still lives;  
Every oak is a memory of you.

*Willows*

Coquettes tinkle ukeleles  
Fatuously,  
Droopily,  
The exertion tires them — poor dears!

*The Ginkgo*

Heavy Chinese sirup,  
Lucent, cloying,  
Drunk on a tiny blue table  
To the tiny, lotus-scented tinkle  
Of a temple bell.

*The Blue Spruce*

Faultlessly carven jade  
Is no more faultless than you are,  
Little tree.  
But I love you,  
Little tree,  
In spite of your faultlessness.

*Nelson Antrim Crawford*

*The Midland,  
A Magazine of the Middle West*

LA FOI

The branches of the trees are bending  
Close above;  
They have so sheltered us all day.  
For we have wandered far  
Since dawn,  
Little Marcelle, Jean-Paul and I.  
The flames were red and gold

That swept our grey roofed home;  
They mingled with the sweetness  
    Of the sky.  
Our playhouse and our treasures  
All were burned away.  
And then we called our mother's name;  
    Down blood strewn streets  
And filled lanes  
    We called to her,  
Until we found that we had come  
To a roadway, cool and green,  
And with the children tugging at my hands  
I knew I must go on.  
They are so young, but I ——  
I am just fifteen.  
We have come safely  
Through wood-paths of dim gold,  
And where the frondes of fern unfurl  
We gathered mists of flowers,  
And by a shadowed silver pool  
We rested for a while.  
Little Marcelle laughed to see  
Her white feet gleaming;  
We found ripe berries for our food  
And through the fragrant afternoon  
I knew my mother would  
    Come after us.  
At twilight time we reached a road,  
And far away from whence we came  
I saw a black mass moving  
    Against a violet sky  
As though an army were advancing.  
And the same fear that I had known  
At dawn in my home town  
    Came close to me.

But I looked up and saw one star —  
And then I knew there was no fear.  
So I have brought the children  
    To this wood,  
And we shall sleep here  
    All the night;  
Christ has so guided us all day;  
Protecting trees and flowers are all around  
The children lie each side of me;  
I have unloosed my hair  
And its gold gleaming covers them  
And shines in the dim greenness;  
My arms are flung each side of me  
    Upon the moss;  
I see a far blue star  
    High through the tree tops —  
It is the star told me  
    Christ is near.  
We are all children —  
Flowers and stars and trees —  
It is so joyous to rest here  
    In the shimmering silence  
    Of the night.

*The Lyric*

*Katharine Adams*

## AUGUST MOONRISE

The sun was gone, and the moon was coming  
Over the blue Connecticut hills;  
The west was rosy, the east was flushed  
And over my head the swallows rushed  
This way and that, with changeful wills.  
I heard them twitter and watched them dart

Now together and now apart  
Like dark petals blown from a tree.  
The maples stamped against the west  
Were black and stately and full of rest,  
And the hazy orange moon grew up  
And slowly changed to melting gold,  
While the hills were darkened, fold on fold,  
To a deeper blue than a flower could hold.  
Down the hill I went, and then  
I forgot the ways of men,  
For night-scents, heady and keen and cool  
Wakened ecstasy in me  
On the brink of a shining pool.

Oh, Beauty, out of many a cup  
You have made me drunk and wild  
Ever since I was a child,  
But when have I been sure as now  
That no bitterness can bend  
And no sorrow wholly bow  
One who loves you to the end?

And though I must give my breath  
And my laughter all to death,  
And my eyes through which joy came,  
And my heart that was a flame;  
If all must leave me and go back  
Along a dim and fearful track  
So that you can make anew,  
Fusing in more splendid fire,  
Something nearer your desire;  
If my soul must go alone  
Through a cold infinity,  
Or even if it vanish, too,  
Beauty, I have worshipped you.

Let this single hour atone  
For the theft of all of me.

*Scribner's Magazine*

*Sara Teasdale*

## AUTUMN MOVEMENT

I cried over beautiful things, knowing no beautiful  
thing lasts.

The field of cornflower yellow is a scarf at the neck  
of the copper sunburned woman, the mother of  
the year, the taker of seeds.

The northwest wind comes and the yellow is torn full  
of holes, new beautiful things come in the first  
spit of snow on the northwest wind, and the old  
things go, not one lasts.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

*Carl Sandburg*

## THE GRANITE MOUNTAIN

*To Carl Sandburg*

I know a mountain, lone it lies  
Under wide blue Arctic skies.

Gray against the crimson rags  
Of sunset loom its granite crags.

Gray granite are the peaks that sunder  
The clouds, and gray the shadows under.

Down the weathered gullies flow  
Waters from its crannied snow;

Tumbling cataracts that roar  
Cannonading down the shore;

And rivulets that hurry after  
With a sound of silver laughter.

Up its ramparts winds a trail  
To a clover-meadowed vale,

High among the hills and woods  
Locked in lonely solitudes.

Only wild feet can essay  
The perils of that cragged way.

And here beneath the rugged shoulders  
Of the granite cliffs and boulders,

In the valley of the sky  
Where tranquil twilight shadows lie,

Hunted creatures in their flight  
Find a refuge for the night.

*Reedy's Mirror*

*Lew Sarett*

## THE GIFTS OF PEACE

All day long the wind in the bending branches  
Softly croons a chant for the silent sleepers,  
Through the hours the birds in unceasing rapture  
Echo the wind-song.



Tossing branches caught by the spars of sun-glow,  
Framing bits of blue with their leafy meshes,  
And upon the winds from the pine-tree's censer  
Attars unloosened.

Far away the valley lies in a day-dream,  
Warm and golden, swept by the clouds' swift shadows,  
While the grasses like distant ocean billows  
Drift in the sunshine.

Here is peace and loveliness ever mingled:  
Organ music of winds and birds and branches,  
And a brooding Presence that makes each moment  
A benediction.

*Harper's Magazine*

*Thomas S. Jones, Jr.*

## NUN SNOW

*A pantomime of beads*

*Earth Voice*

Is she  
thoughtless of life,  
a lover of imminent death,  
Nun Snow  
touching her strings of white beads?  
Is it her unseen hands  
which urge the beads to tremble?  
Does Nun Snow,  
aware of the death she must die alone,  
away from the nuns  
of the green beads,  
of the ochre and brown,

of the purple and black —  
does she improvise  
along those soundless strings  
in the worldly hope  
that the answering, friendly tune,  
the faithful, folk-like miracle,  
will shine in a moment or two?

*Moon Voice*

Or peradventure,  
are the beads merely wayward,  
on an evening so soft,  
and One Wind  
is so gentle a mesmerist  
as he draws them and her with his hand?

*Earth Voice*

Was it Full Moon,  
who contrives tales of this order,  
and himself loves the heroine,  
Nun Snow —

*Wind Voice*

Do you see his beads courting hers?  
lascivious monk! —

*Earth Voice*

Was it Full Moon,  
slyly innocent of guile,  
propounder of sorrowless whimses,  
who breathed that suspicion?  
Is it One Wind,  
the wily, scholarly pedant —  
is it he who retorts —

*Wind Voice*

Like olden allegros  
in olden sonatas,  
all tales have two themes,  
*she is beautiful*  
*he is beautiful,*  
with the traditional movement,  
*their beads court each other,*  
revealing a cadence as fatally true  
as the sum which follows a one-plus-one —  
so, why inquire further?  
Nay, inquire further,  
deduce it your fashion!  
Nun Snow,  
as you say,  
touches her strings of white beads,  
Full Moon,  
let you add,  
his lute of yellow strings;  
and, Our Night  
is square, nay,  
Our Night  
is round, nay,  
Our Night  
is a blue balcony —  
and therewith close your inquisition!

*Earth Voice*

Who urged the beads to tremble?  
They're still now!  
Fallen, or cast over me!  
Nun, Moon and Wind are gone!  
Are they betraying her? —

*Moon Voice*

Ask Our Night —

*Earth Voice*

Did the miracle appear? —

*Moon Voice*

Ask Our Night,  
merely a child on a balcony,  
letting down her hair and  
black beads, a glissando —  
ask her what she means,  
dropping the curtain so soon!

*Alfred Kreymborg*

*Others, A Magazine of the New Verse*

## THE RETURN

"Back to the earth," a voice whispers,  
"Back to the bare bosom of the ground;  
To the shaggy-haired pines, and the pungent carpet  
beneath;  
To the lisp of waves, chiding our forgetfulness;  
To the whispered wind, and its roaring summons on  
high peaks,  
And the hurled lightning,  
Arms spread, breast bared, to clasp it!"

A cultured onlooker counsels,  
"But this is regression, retreat!  
Rather plunge forward into the roar of modern life,  
The whirl of machinery, the red furnace gleam  
On the glistening backs of half-naked toilers,  
The unleashed passion of labor against capital,  
With a fantasied and regulated Utopia  
Gleaming at the end of the way  
Like a Dore illustration

Of New Jerusalem!  
This is the part of modern man."

Shall I refuse to look at the moon  
Until it adopts an 8-hour day?  
Shall I close myself from the sun's glow  
Till it readjust its wasteful routine?  
Shall I condemn the starry dipper as inartistic and  
unhygienic  
When compared with individual drinking cups?  
Shall I banish Sirius and the Milky Way  
Until they have received the benignant civilized blessings  
Of life today?

Back to the earth!  
Back to the wind and the tempest's flame  
And the wheeling stars.  
Give them a wide gesture of greeting;  
Let their high harmony flow into your stumbling  
soul;  
Flame up to their unlegislated beauty.

*Contemporary Verse*

*Clement Wood*

### CRETONNE TROPICS

The cretonne in your willow chair  
Shows, through a zone of rosy air,  
A tree of parrots, agate-eyed,  
With blue-green crests and plumes of pride  
And beaks most formidably curved.  
I hear the river, silver-nerved,  
To their shrill protests make reply,  
And the palm forest stir and sigh.

Curious, the spell that colors cast,  
Binding the fancy cobweb-fast,  
And you would smile if you could know  
I like your cretonne parrots so!  
But I have seen them sail toward night  
Superbly homeward, the last light  
Lifting them like a purple sea  
Scorned and made use of arrogantly;  
And I have heard them cry aloud  
From out a tall palm's emerald cloud;  
And I brought home a brilliant feather,  
Lost like a flake of sunset weather.

Here in the north the sea is white  
And mother-of-pearl in morning light,  
Quite lovely, but there is a glare  
That daunts me.

Now the willow chair  
Suggests a more perplexing sea,  
Till my heart aches with memory  
And parrots dye the air around,  
And I forget the pallid Sound.

*Ainslee's Magazine*

*Grace Hazard Conkling*

## THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

Unyielding in the pride of his defiance,  
Afloat with none to serve or to command,  
Lord of himself at last, and all by Science,  
He seeks the Vanished Land.

Alone, by the one light of his one thought,  
He steers to find the shore from which we came —

Fearless of in what coil he may be caught  
On seas that have no name.

Into the night he sails; and after night  
There is dawning, though there be no sun.  
Wherefore, with nothing but himself in sight,  
Unsighted, he sails on.

At last there is a lifting of the cloud  
Between the flood before him and the sky;  
And then — though he may curse the Power aloud  
That has no power to die —

He steers himself away from what is haunted  
By the old ghost of what has been before —  
Abandoning, as always, and undaunted,  
One fog-walled island more.

*The Nation*

*Edwin Arlington Robinson*

## SHIPS IN HARBOR

I have not known a quieter thing than ships,  
Nor any dreamers steeped in dream as these;  
For all that they have known disastrous seas,  
And winds that left their sails in flagging strips,  
Nothing disturbs them now, no stormy grips  
That once had hurt their sides, no crash or swell;  
Nor can the fretful harbor quite dispel  
The quiet that they learned on lonely trips.

They have no part in all the noisy noons;  
They are become as dreams of ships that go  
Back to the secret waters that they know,

Each as she will, to unforget lagoons,  
Where nothing moves except her ghostly spars  
That mark the patient watches on the stars.

*N. Y. Sun Books and  
Book World*

*David Morton*

## HELLENICA

### I

#### I

Twilight hath veiled his eyes  
In the blue silence,  
Sophron,  
Who dreams of the morning  
And white tides.

#### II

Here, in the cloudy night,  
Murmurs the wind of ocean,  
Bearing tidings of ships  
To a sailor home from the sea.

#### III

Bird-haunted silences  
Are troubled with wings of memory,  
But the swallow returns not  
Unto the roof of Charis.

#### IV

Light shrouds his dream  
In a silver urn,  
While the dust that he forsook,  
Bears once more  
The flesh that one was longing.



## V

High on the purple mountain  
 An eagle soars,  
 But below in the valley  
 Only the wind from the stars  
 Remembers the flame  
 Shrined immortal within this rustling hollow.

## VI

Under the columned pine  
 A poet sleeps,  
 With the swinging arch of stars  
 Making music above him.

## VII

Spring and the coming of swallows  
 Opened her bridal day,  
 But darker wings shadowed the door,  
 And her spouse now mourns in vain  
 By another bed,  
 Where reeds sway over her pillow.

## VIII

Light fades from the sky,  
 And the blue Thessalian hills  
 Grieve for the glory departed  
 Of one who sailed at dawn for the morning star.

## IX

Here, on the rain-washed hillside,  
 Where the light dies over the grasses,  
 Myrrha bears on her breast  
 The little child  
 Who led her home to the shadows.

X

Wind, sweep gently  
Over the bent narcissi  
Bowed with the sighs  
Of a shepherd who flutes here lonely.

XI

When spring comes over the mountain  
From southern valleys,  
Mela stirs on her couch of woven violets,  
For a low wind pulls at her heart  
That grasses cover.

XII

Cicada, pulsing alone in the summer noontide,  
Sing of wild-haunted glades  
Of mossy coolness.  
So shall my heart remember  
The tangled light  
Where I met Philemon dreaming.

*Edward J. O'Brien*

*The Midland,  
A Magazine of the Middle West*

II

I

Aula, whose dreams were honey dripping softly,  
Stirs in her slumber here,  
For the sound of her lover pausing  
Brings to her heart  
The fragrance of star-haunted valleys.

II

Chara loosed her zone  
 In the woven sunlight,  
 And the grasses trembled for fear of her sacred fair-  
     ness.  
 But breast to breast  
 She turned to her mother earth,  
 And now when the swallows flutter around her pillow  
 Only the wind  
 Remembers the flower of her bosom.

III

The song in her heart is mute,  
 But ancient music  
 Lingers stilled in the light of the patterned woodways.

IV

Green boughs stirring in slumber  
 Sigh at the lost remembrance  
 Of Aulon,  
 Golden-thighed, in the heart of the forest.

V

Here, where the dripping leaves  
 Whisper of passing feet  
 To the fragrant woodways,  
 The moonlight floods the forsaken tangled boughs  
 With loneliness  
 For Melinna, gone from the evening.

VI

Over the meadow-ways to the heart of Glaucon,  
 The honey-dreaming bees  
 Wing their murmurous flight,

For flame-tinged violets  
Have woven over his bed  
The fragrant dream that he guarded  
Many summers.

VII

Here, on the windy hill,  
The sunlight calls her,  
But under the dreaming grass  
Only the warm-stirred earth  
Answers the golden summons.

VIII

Here by the rocky shore  
Of grass-strewn Aulis,  
White sheep crop the herbage of salt pastures.  
Under this gentle mound of watered earth  
Their shepherd dreams softly beside them.

IX

Stir not the grasses here,  
O wandering zephyr,  
For Phaon travelled far over alien foam  
Before his footsteps turned in soft contentment  
Home to the green threshold  
He had forgotten.

X

Down the way to Acheron  
In the twilight,  
Flutes blow softly  
Bearing the memory  
Of Myrtis, lonely-breasted,  
Who wanders through the shades on her wedding day.

XI

High on the rhododendron-crested summits  
Conon followed the stars  
To their home in the east.  
Now the south wind over the storm-bowed valley  
Sings of the centaur who passed  
Through the gates of the morning.

XII

Under an olive tree by the banks of Ilyssus  
Nossis lies, who loved her husband dearly,  
Waiting his gentle coming with her children.

*The Liberator*

*Edward J. O'Brien*

SONG OF A SPENDTHRIFT

I had a thousand dollars — a sudden rain of pelf.  
I said, "I'll buy me now a shining treasure for myself."  
And so I went outside and bought a whole long day  
of joy,  
A thousand dollars' worth of something nothing can  
destroy.  
I go about my living now, a slave for food and bed,  
But I'd rather have that day of joy than a year of  
idle bread.  
I'd rather have that day of joy, with its singing in  
my ears,  
Than book and bank and emptiness to carry down the  
years.

*Live Stories*

*Annette Wynne*

## VIOLIN SONG

The thing that I am seeking  
I know I shall not find;  
A wistful voice is crying  
This sorrow in my mind.  
I know I shall not find it  
However far I go,  
But I shall always seek it —  
My heart has told me so.

Though I must always wander  
I do not find it sweet;  
There is no journey's ending  
To draw my restless feet.  
There is no distant vision  
To help me on my way;  
I know my quest is hopeless  
And yet I may not stay.

The thing that I am seeking  
Should not be far to seek.  
I hear this haunting echo  
Through every word I speak.  
So I shall always seek it  
Down all the roads I go,  
But I shall never find it —  
My heart has told me so.

*N. Y. Sun Books and  
Book World*

*Aline Kilmer*

## SONGS FOR MYSELF

### *Alone*

I am alone, in spite of love,  
In spite of all I take and give —  
In spite of your wild tenderness,  
Sometimes I am not glad to live.

I am alone, as though I stood  
On the highest peak of the tired gray world,  
About me only swirling snow,  
Above me endless space unfurled;

With earth hidden and heaven hidden  
And only my own spirit's pride  
To keep me from the peace of those  
Who are not lonely, having died.

### *Song-Making*

My heart cried like a beaten child  
Ceaselessly all night long;  
I had to take my own heart cries  
And thread them into a song.

One was a sob at black midnight  
And one when the first cock crew —  
My heart cried like a beaten child,  
But no one ever knew.

Life, you have put me in your debt  
And I must serve you late and long —  
But oh, the debt is terrible  
That must be paid in song.

*Winter Dusk*

I watch the great clear twilight  
Veiling the ice-bowed trees;  
Their branches tinkle faintly  
With crystal melodies.

The larches bend their silver  
Over the hush of snow;  
One star is lighted in the west,  
Two in the zenith glow.

For a moment I have forgotten  
Wars and women who mourn —  
I think of the mother who bore me,  
And thank her that I was born.

*Debtor*

So long as my spirit still  
Is glad of breath  
And lifts its plumes of pride  
In the dark face of death;  
While I am curious still  
Of love and fame,  
Keeping my pride too high  
For the years to tame;  
How can I quarrel with fate  
Since I can see  
I am a debtor to life,  
Not life to me?

*The Yale Review*

*Sara Teasdale*



## RHETORIC

This is man's noblest edifice. All else  
Crumbles and rots. His loftiest stone is thrust  
Into the patient and ironic dust.  
His iron ships, his scornful citadels  
Are scattered by a whiff of fiery shells  
That mingle with them in a pool of rust.  
But words, mere words, invulnerable, august,  
Become his statesmen and his sentinels.

He lets them do his fighting; sits and calls  
On them to keep the world from going free.  
They build him stubborn forts where he can be  
Safe from his manhood, its demands and brawls;  
While Life, foiled by this soft security,  
Beats futile hands on vague, invisible walls.

*The New Republic*

*Louis Untermeyer*

## WORDS

Words are the stones I use in building,  
My house will be strong without fillet or gilding;  
I dig in the crypt of the centuries  
Where the earth is rich in ebonies.  
I burrow for words in the quarry of time;  
In the heart of the ancient hills for rhyme.

There are veins of Beauty the sages have known;  
Milton worked where the marble shone,  
Our Lincoln found what he liked in the clay  
Of the common fields where the stones are grey.  
So every spirit must find a way  
And delve for the treasure that seems its own.

But you! What are words, what are words to you!  
Not stone nor metal precious and true,  
Nor blocks to serve in a hallowed shrine;  
But seductive jewels cut subtle and fine,  
Spangles you wear to glitter and shine;  
I know the worth of your words to you!

*The Nation*

*Gladys Cromwell*

## WINTER POETRY

Lovers think that they alone possess  
A sense of beauty. They ascribe all graces  
To their love. Seeing earth's wintry places  
Warmed and enchanted, they suppose and guess  
Their own illusion makes the loveliness.  
They dream, their flame illumines the dim spaces  
Of the sky. They think the earth embraces  
No charm but that their pleasure can express.  
Yet we, who shun romance, find beauty near;  
A stillness in the air when summer's gone;  
On the fine winter stem hang subtle fruits;  
We like to see the slender willow spear,  
We like red weeds and branches blackly drawn  
And the white snow embroidered with brown roots.

*The Nation*

*Gladys Cromwell*

## THE LOST SINGER

In the olive Orient,  
Up and down Jerusalem streets  
He sang his poems.

She who lived in Magdala,  
Fishermen of Galilee,  
Blind and poor from Jericho,  
Lepers out of Bethany,  
Children, scholars, thieves —  
What a motley crew  
Loved the singing Jew!

Now the bayonet is there,  
And the gun —  
Maybe on the very corner where they met.  
And the sun  
Looks down upon the smoke.  
Saladin is in the dust,  
Richard camps on Olivet.

Where are halo, thorn, and staff,  
That cloak like Himalayan snow?

*The Dial*

*Scudder Middleton*

## CHILD POEMS

### I

Hills are so steep when they go down  
They could not hold a little town,  
Or even big ones if they tried;  
For if the earth should slip, or stones,  
The little towns would break their bones  
And slide and slide and slide.

### II

My mother wears a floating dress  
That follows where she goes,

And when she gives me a caress  
It crinkles like a rose.

The flowers bloom on it to stay.  
They dance while mother talks;  
They make me want to run and play  
And follow where she walks.

III

The little duck is like a boat  
Of yellow down when it's afloat.  
It swims across the lake, serene,  
To lovely shadows cool and green.

IV

I must not let them know that I  
Flew far away and did not try  
To come home through the door,  
But tried to get in by the crack  
That joins the sidehouse with the back  
Beneath the nursery floor,  
That when I opened wide my eyes  
I looked around me in surprise  
To be at home once more.

V.—MAKE-BELIEVE

If I climbed high in the garden tower  
That's covered with roses as far as I can see,  
It would be the same as a great pink flower  
And I the same as a honey-bee.

*Josephine Redmond Fishburn.*  
*Youth, Poetry of Today*

## TO CHILDREN

### INVITATION

Arvia, east of the morning,  
Before the daylight grayed,  
I heard a night song's warning:  
"This bubble-world shall fade."

"The daytime with its fire-flower,"  
It sang, "shall fail and stray;  
And Beauty, like a brier-flower,  
Shall pass — shall pass away."

Then soon the faint and far light  
Would fade beyond a beam  
And we'd lie down without starlight  
And there would be no dream.

But now, when the noon is bluest,  
Like a shell that murmurs all,  
I see this world is the truest  
Of any I recall.

The sky's wild birds are glancing,  
The sea's long waves are slow;  
It's all a place for dancing  
But no one seems to know.

Come with me to the meadows,  
We'll dance your secret name  
With an outside dance in shadows  
And an inside dance in flame.

The songs and the wings have slanted  
And blow with a golden sound;

Life burns like a peak enchanted,  
Oh wild, enchanted, crowned.

All day, while songs from the height fall,  
We'll dance the valleys bright,  
But we'll be on the hills at nightfall  
In the lovely, lonely light.

Let's play we are a tune  
And make a kind of song  
About the sun and moon  
Before the stars were born.  
You be the breath, I'll be the horn,  
It will not take us long.

JEAN SINGING

Lavender's blue in the garden,  
Lavender's bright.  
When I am blind, my Beloved,  
You shall have sight.

I shall be dust in the garden,  
Deep from the storm.  
You shall be shining still then,  
You shall be warm.

When I am hidden in shadow  
Under the years,  
Call to me, tell me of all things  
Here among tears.

I shall remember the glory  
Filling this place,  
The firebird calling through the rainbow:  
"Lift up your face."

I shall remember how Beauty  
Over Death, over Birth,  
Bridges a streaming music  
Here on the earth.

Only if wounds and the sorrow  
Made by men's hands  
Still should outdeepen the waters,  
Darken the lands,

Even though day should recall me  
Then to its gleam,  
I shall remember and turn me  
Back to my dream.

*The New Republic*

*Ridgely Torrence*

## REUBEN ROY

A little fellow, brown with wind —  
I saw him in the street  
Peering at numbers on the posts,  
But most discreet:

For when a woman came outdoors,  
Or slyly peeped instead,  
He turned away, took off his hat,  
And scratched his head.

I watched him from my garden-wall  
Perhaps an hour or more,  
For something in his attitude,  
The clothes he wore,

Awoke the dimmest memories  
Of when I was a boy  
And knew the story of a man  
Named Reuben Roy.

It seems that Reuben went to sea  
The night his wife decried  
The fence he built before their house  
And up the side.

He wanted it but she did not,  
Because it hid from view  
The spot in which her mignonette  
And tulips grew.

Nobody saw his face again,  
But each year, unawares,  
He sent a sum for taxes due —  
And fence repairs.

My curiosity aroused,  
I sauntered forth to see  
Whether this individual  
Were really he.

"Who are you looking for?" I asked.  
His eyes, like two bright pence,  
Sparkled at mine; and then he said:  
"A fence."

"Somebody burned it Hallowe'en,  
When people were in bed;  
Before the judge could prosecute,  
The culprit fled."



Well, Reuben only touched his hat  
And mumbled, "Thank you, sir,"  
And asked me whereabouts to find  
A carpenter.

*Harold Crawford Stearns*  
*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

## TEN YEARS OLD

A city child, rooms are to him no mere  
Places to live in. Each one has a clear  
Color and character of its own. His toys  
And tumbled books make the small bedroom seem  
The place to build a practicable dream.  
He likes the brilliant parlor, and enjoys  
Nothing so much as bringing other boys  
To romp among the delicate furniture,  
And brush within an inch of ivories, lamps,  
And other things not held by iron clamps,  
Like Chinese vases, and hence, insecure.  
His father's library, with its heavy tone,  
Seldom detains him, for he has his own.  
He views the kitchen with a hungry eye,  
And loafes about it, picking up the stray  
Details of gossip that may drop his way,  
Standing so innocently inattentive. Sly  
And with a squirrel's curiosity,  
Careless of barred or sacred corners, he  
Hunts back of shelves until he finds the key  
With which to open bureau drawers and pry  
Into forbidden desks and cupboards; through  
Laces and letters, purses and a slue  
Of things mysterious because taboo.

But most of all he likes the bathroom, where  
The panel mirror shows his four feet two;  
Where with a towel or bathrobe, he can strike  
A hundred attitudes not only like  
His printed heroes but the gods themselves.  
Stripping himself, he dreams and dances there,  
The pink embodiment of Peter Pan.  
Or, changing to an older superman,  
He turns to Siegfried brandishing his sword  
Or Jason snatching at the golden fleece.  
The figures crowd around him and increase.  
Now he is David battling for the Lord.  
Mixing his battle-cries with psalms of peace.  
Now he is Mowgli, at the cobra's hoard  
With black Bagheera. Swiftly he has drawn  
Excalibur from its invisible sheath.  
He is Ulysses on his native heath,  
Tristram, Tom Sawyer and Bellerophon;  
The shining Parsifal who knew no sin;  
Sir Launcelot and Huckleberry Finn;  
George Washington and Captain Hook and Thor;  
Hansel awaking in the magic wood;  
The King of Oz, John Silver, Robin Hood —  
He is all these and half a hundred more.  
He scowls and strides, he utters harsh commands;  
Great armies follow him to new-born lands,  
Battling for treasures lost or glories gone.  
None can withstand the thunder of his frown;  
His eye is terrible; the walls go down. . . .  
Cries of the conquered mingle with the cheers.  
While through the clash and battle-smoke he hears —

*"Richard! Get through! And put your stockings  
on."*

*The Bellman*

*Louis Untermeyer*

## AN AUTUMN WALK WITH DEBORAH

Over the limp and yellow grasses,  
Deborah, will you walk with me?  
You may gather gentians in purple masses  
And honeypods from the locust tree.

Brown leaves cover the partridge berry,  
Holding it safe for your questing hand.  
Barberry bush and cornelian cherry  
Offering scarlet jewels stand.

I will dress you up as an elf-queen, twining  
Bittersweet wreaths for your golden head.  
Your leaf-brown cloak with its orange lining  
I will hang with garlands yellow and red.

We must leave this place while the sunlight lingers  
Lest the elves should covet your beauty bright.  
The gentians fall from your tired fingers  
As I carry you home in the fading light.

*Pictorial Review*

*Aline Kilmer*

## VOICES

When you speak to me,  
Your lips are bending prayer-maidens  
Saluting their slender God, your voice.  
My voice is but a creeping slave  
Who rattles his little bracelets  
In a tremor of unspoken love,  
As he feels the God stooping a bit, to touch his head.

*N. Y. Tribune*

*Maxwell Bodenheim*

## IN THE KEY OF BLUE

### A FIELD OF FLAX

I have a field of flax, blue-blooming.  
The fiber is tense and tough.  
From it may God make blue garments  
For the clear joy of Him,  
For the grave glory of Him.

Like that blue there is no other —  
Sturdy, caressing, unbearable perfect,  
Not hiding,  
Nor revealing,  
Merely being.  
It is not one blue,  
But three:  
One quite somber,  
One quite glad,  
One quite full of wistfulness.  
Yet they agree in one.

You, Belovéd,  
You are a field of flax, blue-blooming.  
The fiber is tense and tough.  
From it may God make blue garments  
For the clear joy of Him,  
For the grave glory of Him.

### A VOICE

It is too dark to see  
The hard, white, poplar-bordered road  
Or the soft warm lake beyond one poplar row.  
But your voice comes from the dark, and I see  
A dull-blue woven thing,

Full of the smell of blue roses  
Blown across a misty salt sea.

*Nelson Antrim Crawford*

*The Midland,  
A Magazine of the Middle West*

## FROM "THE BELOVED STRANGER"

### I

#### LAUREL

I will not call you beautiful again  
Though my throat ache with the silence of refrain-  
ing;  
And not a sigh will I explain  
Though my hands fill with explaining. . . .

For you are as beautiful as a hill I know  
In spring, breathing with light —  
But as soon as I told you, a chill like snow  
Covered and turned you white.

I will not call you beautiful again,  
Your labyrinthine loveliness I will not name;  
I will be silent as forgotten men  
Dead beyond blame.

No matter how your airs of spring beguile,  
Be it my fortitude, my business, my endeavor,  
Not to acclaim the laurel of your smile —  
Except today, tomorrow and forever!

## II

### COINS

I am a miser of my memories of you  
And will not spend them.  
When they were anticipations  
I spent them  
And bought you with them,  
But now I have exchanged you for memories,  
And I will only pour them from one hand into the  
other  
And back again,  
Listening to their  
Clink,  
Till someone comes  
Worth using them  
To buy . . .  
Then I will change them again into anticipations.

### AN END

As though it mattered,  
As though anything mattered,—  
Even laughter!

For in the end there shall be no one to tell  
Whether it was laughter  
Or weeping.

## III

### AUTUMN

Last year, and other years,  
When autumn was a vision of old friendships,  
Of friends gone many ways,

I stood alone upon a dais of coppered fern,  
I breathed my height of isolation,  
Encircled by a remembering countryside.  
I touched dead fingers in a larch;  
I sailed on long blue waves of land  
Flowing transfixed the whole horizon round;  
I wore old imperial robes  
Of aster, sumac, golden rod;  
I flaunted my banners of maple;  
And, when the sun went down,  
I lay full length  
Upon a scarlet death-bed.

So kingly a thing was autumn,  
Other years,  
But here you stand beside me on this hill,  
And shake your head and smile your smile  
And twist these things lightly between your fingers  
As a pinch of dust  
And bare your throat  
And show me only spring,  
Spring, spring,  
Fluttering like your slender side,  
Cascading like your hair.

#### IV

##### DREAM

I had left dreaming,  
Till there came the look of you  
And I could not tell after that,  
And the sound of you  
And I could not tell,  
And at last the touch of you

And I could tell then less than ever —  
Though I shook and fell  
Though I open the door and stare out  
When the dream of your voice draws near,  
O my stranger!  
As at the very mountain-brink  
Of dream.

For how could the motion of a shadow in a field  
Be a person?  
Or the flash of an oriole-wing  
Be a smile?  
Or the turn of a leaf on a stream  
Be a hand?  
Or a bright breath of sun  
Be lips?

I can put out my hand and nothing is there. . . .  
None of these things are true,  
All of them are dreams;  
There are neither streams  
Nor leaves, nor orioles, nor you.

*Reedy's Mirror*

*Witter Bynner*

## BEAT AGAINST ME NO LONGER

### *A Chippewa Love Song*

Ai-yee! my Yellow-Bird-Woman,  
My né-ne — moosh, ai-yee! my Loved-One,  
Be not afraid of my eyes!  
Beat against me no longer;  
Come! Come with a yielding of limbs.



Ai-yee! woman, woman,  
Trembling there in the teepee  
Like the doe in the season of rutting,  
Why foolishly fearest thou me?  
Beat against me no longer!  
Be not afraid of my eyes!  
Cast the strange doubts from thy bosom!  
Be not as the flat-breasted squaw-sich  
Who feels the first womanly yearnings  
And hides, by the law of our people,  
Alone three sleeps in the forest;  
Be not as that brooding young maiden  
Who wanders forlorn in the cedars,  
And slumbers with troubled dreams,  
To awaken suddenly, fearing  
The hot throbbing blood in her bosom,  
The strange eager life in her limbs.  
Ai-yee! foolish one, woman,  
Cast the strange fears from thy heart!  
Wash the red shame from thy face!  
Be not afraid of my glances!

Be as the young silver birch  
In the Moon-of-the-Green-Growing-Grasses —  
Who sings with the thrill of the sap  
As it leaps to the south wind's caresses;  
Who yields her rain-swollen buds  
To the kiss of the sun with glad dancing.  
Be as the cool tranquil moon  
Who flings off her silver-blue blanket  
To bare her white breast to the pine;  
Who walks through the many-eyed night  
In her gleaming white nakedness  
With proud eyes that will not look down.  
Be as the sun in her glory,  
Who dances across the blue day,

And flings her red soul, fierce-burning,  
Into the arms of the twilight.  
Ai-yee! foolish one, woman,  
Be as the sun and the moon!  
Cast the strange doubts from thy bosom!  
Wash the red shame from thy face!  
Thou art a woman, a woman!  
Beat against me no longer!  
Be not afraid of my eyes!

*Lew Sarett*

*Others, A Magazine of the New Verse*

### SHE IS OVERHEARD SINGING

Oh, Prue she has a patient man,  
And Joan a gentle lover,  
And Agatha's Arth' is a hug-the-hearth —  
But my true love's a rover!

Mig her man's as good as cheese  
And honest as a briar;  
Sue tells her love what he's thinking of —  
But's my dear lad's a liar!

Oh, Sue and Prue and Agatha  
Are thick with Mig and Joan —  
They bite their threads and shake their heads,  
And gnaw my name like a bone!

And Prue says, " Mine's a patient man,  
As never snaps me up; "  
And Agatha, " Arth' is a hug-the-hearth,  
Could live content in a cup; "

Sue's man's mind is like good jell —  
All one color, and clear;  
And Mig's no call to think at all  
What's to come next year;

While Joan makes boast of a gentle lad,  
That's troubled with that and this.  
But they all would give the life they live  
For a look from the man I kiss!

Cold he slants his eyes about,  
And few enough's his choice —  
Though he'd slip me clean for a nun or a queen,  
Or a beggar with knots in her voice.

And Agatha will turn awake  
When her good man sleeps sound,  
And Mig and Sue and Joan and Prue  
Will hear the clock strike round.

For Prue she has a patient man  
As asks not when or why;  
And Mig and Sue have naught to do  
But peep who's passing by;

Joan is paired with a putterer  
That bastes and tastes and salts;  
And Agatha's Arth' is a hug-the-hearth —  
But my true love is false!

*Edna St. Vincent Millay*  
*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

TO BE CLOSELY WRITTEN ON A SMALL  
PIECE OF PAPER WHICH FOLDED INTO  
A TIGHT LOZENGE WILL FIT ANY  
GIRL'S LOCKET

Lo the leaves  
Upon the new autumn grass  
Look at them well . . . !

THE SOUGHING WIND

Some leaves hang late, and some fall  
Before the first frost goes  
The tale of winter branches and old bones,

EPITAPH

An old willow with hollow branches  
Slowly swayed his few high bright tendrils  
And sang:

"Love is a young green willow  
Shimmering at the bare wood's edge."

SPRING

O my grey hairs!  
You are truly white as plum blossoms.

STROLLER

I have seen the hills blue,  
I have seen them purple;  
And it is hard to know  
The words of a woman  
As to straighten the crumpled branch  
Of an old willow.

#### MEMORY OF APRIL

You say love is this, love is that:  
Poplar tassels, willow tendrils  
The wind and the rain comb,  
Tinkle and drip, tinkle and drip —  
Branches drifting apart. Hagh!  
Love has not even visited this country.

*William Carlos Williams*

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

#### THE GIRL

##### 1

That house in which you lived was not your home,  
For home's a place where there are faith and love.  
Two poor tragedians stalked along those halls,  
Betrayed by passion and denied by hope.  
They hated you whose beauty brought to mind  
The early magic of their common life.  
But in your own wise heart you made a home  
Where you put secret things like hills and heaven.  
You had the independence of the rose,  
The bravery of sunlight on the grave.

##### 2

Often you came to the room of many books.  
There, upon the floor, under the open window,  
You would sit, a young Athena —  
The dreams and wisdom of the world around you.  
As you read,  
The wind, blowing across the honeysuckle,  
Played with a ruffle on your dress.

Then you never heard the laughter of the boys  
On their way to Tanner's Pool.  
Nor the gossip of the trees in the garden.  
You had climbed the slender ladders  
That lean against the clouds,  
You were running in the meadows of the sky.

3

With mottled stones and shoots of yellow willow  
You built an altar by the stream  
Back of the great white house.  
You who were friendly with the flowers  
And understood the ways of stars and birds,  
Made with your own hands  
A thing of beauty.

There you went when the story ended;  
When the sun crept under the hill;  
When the people of the house were cruel.

You took the violets that grew along the fence  
And twined a garland for your secret temple.

4

She was a mother to your hidden self —  
A wistful wrinkled woman who kept young  
By watching you and listening to your talk.  
How she loved you!  
You were the light that made the journey sure.

You never knew the pain beneath her smile  
That day you brought the nest of robins home.  
"Little children of the birds"—you called them.  
You wondered why she turned and walked away.

*The seed is carried by desolate winds  
 Blowing down from the autumn night,  
 While the trees bend close and mutter  
 Like tired wives confiding  
 The terrible truths of birth.*

Once when the snow covered the garden,  
 You heard a voice that called your name  
 Over and over,  
 Mixed with the sound of the world outside.

Then you left the fire in the grate,  
 The story-book and the water-color beads.  
 In your room alone,  
 You hid your face in the pillow.  
 You could not stop those tears that burned your eyes,  
 Those sobs that shook the bed.

Outside the storm ended.  
 The sun came and the snow on the roof melted:  
 The falling drops made a music on the walk below.  
 A blue-bird paused on the garden tree.

When they found you later,  
 You were fast asleep —  
 A child no longer.

*Contemporary Verse*

*Scudder Middleton*

## I PASS A LIGHTED WINDOW

I pass a lighted window  
And a closed door —  
And I am not troubled  
Any more.

Though the road is murky,  
I am not afraid,  
For a shadow passes  
On the lighted shade.

Once I knew the sesame  
To the closed door;  
Now I shall not enter  
Any more;

Now will people, passing  
By the lit place,  
See our shadows marry  
In a gray embrace.

Strange, a passing shadow  
Has a long spell!  
What can matter, knowing  
She does well?

How could life annoy me  
Any more?  
Life: a lighted window  
And a closed door.

*Contemporary Verse*

*Clement Wood*



## ELAINE

Oh, come again to Astolat!  
I will not ask you to be kind;  
And you may go when you will go,  
And I will stay behind!

I will not say how dear you are  
Or ask you if you hold me dear,  
Or trouble you with things for you,  
The way I did last year.

So still the orchard, Lancelot,  
So very still the lake shall be,  
You could not guess — though you should guess —  
What is become of me.

So wide shall be the garden-walk,  
The garden-seat so very wide,  
You needs must think — if you should think —  
The lily maid has died.

Save that a little way away  
I'd watch you for a little while,  
To see you speak, the way you speak,  
And smile — if you should smile.

*The Nation*

*Edna St. Vincent Millay*

## A LADY

She sleeps beneath a canopy of carnation silk,  
Embroidered with Venetian lace.  
Between the linens that crush in the hand  
Soft as down.

Walking, she looks through a window  
Curtained with carnation silk,  
Embroidered with Venetian lace.  
The walls are hung with velvet  
Embossed with a fleur de lis,  
And around her is a silence of richness,  
Where foot-falls are like exhalations  
From carpets of moss.  
Little clocks tinkle.  
Medallions priceless as jewels  
Lie by jars suspiring like coals of fire.  
And a maid prepares the bath,  
Tincturing delicious water with exquisite essences.  
And she is served with coffee  
In cups as thin as petals,  
Sitting amid pillows that breathe  
The souls of friezia!

All things are hers:  
Fishes from all seas,  
Fruits from all climes.  
The city lies at her command,  
And is summoned by buttons  
Which are pressed by her.  
Noiselessly feet move on many floors,  
Serving her.  
Wheels that turn under coaches  
Of crystal and ebony,  
And yachts dreaming in strange waters,  
And wings — all are hers!  
And she is free:  
Her husband comes and goes  
From his suite below hers.  
She never sees him,  
Nor knows his ways, nor his days.

But she is very weary  
And all alone amid her servants,  
And guests that come and go.  
Her lips are red,  
Her skin is soft and smooth —  
But the page blurs before her eyes.  
Her eyelids are languid,  
And droop from weariness,  
Tho she will not rest  
From the long pursuit of love!  
Her hair is white;  
The skin of her faultless neck  
Edges in creases  
As she turns her perfect head.  
And the days dawn and die.  
What day that dawns will bring her love?  
And day by day she waits for the dawn  
Of a new life, a great love!  
But every morning brings its remembrance  
Of the increasing years that are gone.  
And every evening brings its fear  
Of death which must come,  
Until her nerves are shaken  
Like a woman's hair in the wind —  
What must be done?  
Someone tells her that God is love.  
And when the fears come  
She says to self over and over,  
"God is love! God is love!  
All is well."  
And she wins a little oblivion,  
Through saying, "God is love,"  
From the truth in her heart which cries:  
"Love is life,  
Love is a lover,  
And love is God!"

She is a flower  
Which the spring has nourished,  
And the summer exhausted,  
Fall is at hand.  
Weird zephyrs stir her leaves and blossoms;  
And she says to herself, "It is not fall,  
For God is love!"

My poor flower!  
May this therapy ease you into sleep,  
And the folding of jewelless hands!  
You are beginning to be sick  
Of the incurable disease of age  
And the weariness of futile flesh!

*Reedy's Mirror*

*Edgar Lee Masters*

### THE TOPMOST BOUGH

Don't you love me now,  
After all my sighing,  
Swearing to you how  
I'm dying, dying, dying?

Don't you love me now,  
After I have set you  
On love's topmost bough? —  
God, then, I'll forget you.

*Contemporary Verse*

*Gamaliel Bradford*

## BONNYBELL: THE GRAY SPHEX

### I

Bonnybell comes to the room of her lover,  
Paul, for the farewell hour.  
O Bonnybell so frail, so worn!  
Bonnybell slips on a negligee of sky-blue silk,  
Shakes out the ringlets of her seal-brown hair  
And like a flower whose scent escapes  
The leaves of a book,  
She lies between the exquisite linen  
That glides like satin under her rosy feet,  
Drawn up and down  
In the restlessness of fatigue.  
And her hair is spread like a fan  
Over the snow of the pillow —  
Bonnybell will sleep.

For the heat of the city stifles one,  
And saps one's strength.  
And Bonnybell has drilled,  
And Bonnybell has sung,  
And Bonnybell has been shoed and costumed,  
And Bonnybell has shopped,  
And bought the silver tags  
For her wrist and neck, that in case her body  
Floats pied and swollen at sea  
Her name may be known,  
And her body rescued from the water,  
As one who gave her life to the war . . .  
And Bonnybell says in a weary voice,  
Turning her face to the wall:  
Dear, I must sleep.  
But while I am sleeping, read your letters  
Written at first,

Which show how our love began  
In lightness, delicate fellowship.  
You will find them there in my week-end bag.  
For now I must sleep for an hour.  
Then I will wake and put my arms  
Around you dear,  
My dearest love.

Bonnybell grows silent.  
And her bosom rises and falls.  
And a breeze from over the towers of the city  
Stirs her hair out-spread on the pillow.  
And Paul tip-toes to the dresser to find  
The letters.  
And sees in the bag beside the letters  
Bonnybell's boudoir cap,  
And Bonnybell's little slippers,  
And her powder box of cloisonne  
And sticks of rouge for the lips,  
And a piece of alum,  
And a diary.  
Then Paul returns to the edge of the bed  
And reads the letters,  
Looking from time to time at Bonnybell,  
Who has not stirred,  
Whose bosom rises and falls.  
And he studies her piquant little face  
With its square prognathous jaw;  
The little snub nose that twists to the right of the face  
Like the root of a flower.  
And the tips of her ears made bare for the time  
By the out-spread hair on the pillow —  
Almost Darwinian ears, he shudders to think,  
No roll at the top, thinned out at the top  
Like a fox's or a collie's.  
But, oh, the brow of Bonnybell,

So full, so rich, so high,  
Behind which are fancy  
And insight, taste, the gifts of memory.  
But, oh, the eyes of Bonnybell,  
Closed now in sleep,

So sad, so child-like, tender,  
Like a blue-bell caught under the fringe of a fern  
Wind-blown and wet with rain.

And as Paul reads the letters he thinks  
Of all that Bonnybell has said:  
I go to the war, she had said,  
To serve the country, to give my life  
For the cause of Freedom, Beauty, Truth,  
To nurse the men who avenge with arms  
The desolation of Belgium,  
The desecration of France,  
The ruin of art, cathedrals, temples,  
Amiens, Rheims!  
My life has been one drawn-out pain —  
Only pain from my childhood, dear —  
It were better I were swept under  
In the great cause that would put down  
The barbaric hands that soil or ruin  
Marbles, canvases, cathedrals,  
And sacred shrines.  
My father is a beast,  
And my mother a humbled, whipped-out thing.  
And I was driven out in the world  
To earn my bread from the first.  
And now, after years, I find you, dear.  
I am on the heights at last for your love,  
In the light of a deathless sun by day,  
And under the planets of faith and love  
By night, my own, my love, my consummation.

And I go to the war for you,—  
You who are Truth and Beauty.  
You are giving me to the war,  
I am your gift to the war.  
I go to the war to grow through service,  
And to come back worthy of you.  
I shall enrich my mind,  
And purify my spirit,  
And care for my body,  
Then bring these gifts to you again,  
Made richer, more beautiful.  
But while I am in the war, sustain me,  
For I can endure, or suffer even death  
If you sustain me with your love.  
But if you would break me, dear,  
If you would strike me down in the service,  
Only withdraw your love from me.  
So for the cause and our love  
Write me daily letters.  
Pour out your spirit to me  
That through your spirit I may serve  
The cause of our country in the war.  
And, dear, be true to me, lest you break  
My heart, dear one.  
And wait for my return, steadfast and true,  
Though it be a year, two years.  
I am afraid when I think  
How *Gyp* in Galsworthy's "Beyond"  
Saw the kiss of her betrayal bestowed  
On fresher lips.  
I have heard you are a man who changes,  
Deserts, betrays.  
And they tell me you will consume me,  
Then blow me away like a cinder.  
And I shudder to think when I am gone  
You will turn to another.



How can it be, since through you, dear,  
I have learned the ritual of love,  
And knew it not save through you,  
That you would teach another, or share  
The ritual with her?

No, dear, it must not be.  
For I shall think of you by day,  
Day by day.  
And dream of you by night,  
Night by night.  
And sleep beneath the blankets you gave me,  
And keep your picture under my pillow,  
So blest for your love.  
And save the money you gave me,  
And save the money you send me  
For our child to be when I return,  
Our child to be born, when I return.  
So that you and I shall not go down  
To the silence of those unborn.  
And I shall be faithful and true to you  
In word, in deed, not knowing change  
With the hour, or mood,  
As I have been faithful and true from the first.  
And keep our secret from all ears,  
Lest it be soiled by idle words.  
Thus I go to the war for you.  
And Paul, who has drawn from memory  
The voice of Bonnybell in these words,  
As he reads the letters, looks at her  
And shakes his head with a sigh:  
Be faithless to you, Bonnybell,  
Betray you, Bonnybell?  
I will die ere I do it, Bonnybell!  
Fail to sustain you, Bonnybell  
With love and letters and constant thought!

Though it drain my spirit dry,  
While the breath is in me, Bonnybell,  
My soul is yours.  
And he bends above her and kisses her.  
Then kneels by the bed and prays for her.  
Then rises and goes to the dresser  
And tosses the letters into the bag.  
But as he tosses the letters in  
His eye rests on the diary.  
What has Bonnybell written, he wonders,  
Of their great delights, their meetings,  
From the very first time  
When she came like a bride in virginal beauty  
To this hour of love and peace?  
So he takes the diary out,  
Clinking the alum against the cloisonne box  
Of powder or rouge,  
Returns to the edge of the bed  
And turns the diary's pages.

And the wonder enters his thought  
What did Bonnybell write in her diary  
Of the primal bliss between them.  
So he turns to the date. . . .  
What is the matter, Paul?  
Is this death at last?  
Is it death?  
Your heart has stopped.  
Your breath is gone.  
You are turned to stone.  
Your hair stands up.  
Perhaps it is turning white.  
Prickles run over you,  
A weakness goes through you.  
Is it paralysis, perhaps?  
You cannot rise, or move,

The diary shakes in your hand.  
Fix your eye on the entry in Bonnybell's hand:  
" *Paul, December 10th, the Imperial, 1520 +* "  
Don't look at the entries a week before,  
And later a week,  
Where you find the entries in Bonnybell's hand:  
" *H. the Metropole 51 — I +* "  
You will die, poor Paul, if you sit and stare  
And think that three days after the day  
You gave your Bonnybell cloaks and blankets  
For her comfort in the war  
She betrayed you, even while she pleaded with you:  
Be true to me, do not betray me,  
You can break my heart.

Now what shall he do?  
For the dastard Germans wrecked the beauty of  
Rheims,  
And Bonnybell has wrecked the beauty of love,  
And soiled with nameless foulness  
And elaborate hypocrisy  
Sacred images and rituals,  
Virtues, faiths, and truths.  
And she is going to nurse the men  
Who will vanquish the Germans.  
But what shall be done to her?  
He looks at her slender neck —  
How easy to strangle her.  
He looks at her face —  
How easy to beat and mar  
Her little face.  
How easy to kill her, yet what folly  
To hang for killing a leman whose record  
Lies in this book before him,—  
This book of a year!  
He smiled at himself and shook his shoulders

And the words went through his brain:  
Think of me hourly, write me daily,  
Give me your love, your faith,  
That I may be sustained  
In the great cause of the war  
To which you are giving me.  
Be true to me  
Till I return.

Then Bonnybell wakes  
And sees Paul with her diary.  
She springs like a panther upon him  
And seizes the diary.  
And cries, "Now I must give you up."  
But he pushes her down on the bed.  
And she falls and hides her face in the sheets,  
And confesses without a tear or a sigh  
Her varied lusts.  
Then he pulls her up,  
Lifts up her hair from her little fox ears,  
Looks through the pin-head pupils of her eyes  
And the matted rays of their iris,  
And sees her mouth so red and puffed,  
Feverish, insatiable;  
And sees before him all in all  
An elemental imp, a soul  
Malevolent, half-formed,  
A succubus!

There's a wasp, said Paul to Bonnybell,  
That stings the cricket in the breast,  
One, two, three,—  
Where the ganglia are in the breast,  
Then lays three eggs where the ganglia are,—  
One, two, three.  
But the cricket does not die.

The cricket lives and keeps its flesh  
Fresh for the larvæ,  
Fresh for the new hatched worms  
Which eat the breast of the cricket out,  
While the cricket, yet alive, keeps waving  
Its helpless legs, antennæ.  
Little gray sphex, you would devour  
With the worms of regret, defeated love  
And remorse,  
The exhausted soul of me.  
But your sting has scarcely poison enough,  
My little gray sphex!  
I have given my all to the war through you;  
That good you have done.  
Now I rise and shake your eggs from me,  
I rise and leave you and cleanse my soul,  
And leave some brute of a man to kill you  
Somewhere in France.

And Bonnybell goes forth to the war  
Where crickets are plentiful,  
And where she may drink the blood of men  
She wounds in the war.

## II

### BONNYBELL: THE BUTTERFLY

As I shall die, let your belief  
Find in these words too poor and brief  
My soul's essential self.

My grief

Down to the day I knew you locks  
Its secret word in paradox:  
I who loved truth could not be true,  
Could only love the truth and glow  
With words of truth who loved it so,

Even while I dishonored you.  
I who loved constancy was false,  
And heeded but in part the calls  
Of loveliness for love and you.  
I am but half of that I hoped,  
And that half hardly more than words  
I cheered my soul with as it groped:  
As from their bowers of rain the birds  
Sing feebly, pining for the sun.  
As I am all of this, by fate  
Lose what I could so well have won,  
Life leaves me half articulate,  
My failure, nature half-expressed,  
Or wholly hidden in my breast.  
Yes, dear, the secret of me lies  
Where words' scarce come to analyze.  
Yet who knows why he is this or that?  
What moves, defeats him, works him ill?  
What blood ancestral of the bat  
Narrows his music to the shrill  
Squeak of a fitting thing that hunts  
For gnats, which never singing, fronts  
The full moon flooding down the vale,  
The perfect soul, the nightingale!

You have wooed music all your life,  
And I have sought for love. I think  
My soul was marked, dear, by a wife  
Who loved a man immersed in drink,  
Who crushed her love which would not die.  
If this be true, my soul's great thirst  
Was blended with a fault accursed.  
My mother's love is my soul's cry.  
My father's vileness, lies and lusts  
His cruel heart, inconstancy  
That kept my mother with the crusts

Of life to gnaw, are in my blood.  
My rainbow wings I scarce can loose,  
Or if I free them, there's the mud  
That weighs and mars their use.  
You have wooed music. But suppose  
The hampered hours and poverty  
Broke down your spirit's harmony,  
Then if you found you could achieve  
The music in you, if you could  
But pick a pocket or deceive,  
Which would you call the greater good —  
The music or a sin withstood?  
Suppose you passed a window where  
The violin of your despair  
Lay ready for your hands! At last  
You stole it as you hurried past,  
And hid it underneath your rags  
Until you reached your attic room,  
Then tuned the strings and burned the tags,  
And drew the bow till lyric fire  
Should all your thieving thoughts consume:  
In such case what is your desire —  
The music or the violin?  
And what in such case is your sin?  
And if they caught you in your theft,  
Would you, just to be honest, dear  
Forefront your thief-self as your deft  
And dominant genius, or the ear  
Which tortured you?

Would you not say,  
Music intrigues me night and day?  
My soul is the musician's. First  
In my soul's love is music. Would  
You falsify to keep your good?  
Deny your theft, or put the worst

Construction on your soul, obscure  
Thereby your soul's investiture  
Of music's gift and music's lure?  
If you were flame you would pretend  
What you would fain be to the end,  
Keep your good name and keep as well  
The violin. May this not be  
In some realm an integrity?  
Now for myself, dear, though I lack  
The gift of utterance to explain  
My life's pursuit and passion, pain,  
Or why I acted thus, concealed  
Thoughts that you hold were best revealed,  
Your eyes to heal themselves must track  
And find my soul's way in its quest  
Followed from girlhood without rest.  
Music is not its hope, but love. . . .  
And I saw somehow I could lift  
My life through you, and rise above  
What I had been. And since your gift  
Of love saw me as truthful, true  
I kept that best side to your view,  
And hoped to be what you desired  
If I but struggled, still aspired.  
And as for lapses, even while  
I fooled you with the wanton's smile,  
He was my lover till you came  
To light my life with purer flame.  
Was it, beloved. so great a sin?  
He was a practice violin.  
Oh, how I knew this when your strings  
Sang to me afterward when I slept  
Upon your breast again. I wept,  
Do you remember? I was grieving  
Neither for him, nor your deceiving,  
Rather (how strange is life) that he



Was prelude to your harmony;  
Rather that while I walked with him,  
With you I found the cherubim,  
Left my old self at last with wings,  
Saw beauty clear where it was dim  
Before, through my imaginings.

Do you suppose the primrose knows  
What skill adds petals to its crown?  
How many failures laugh and frown  
Upon the hand that crosses, sows?  
The hand is ignorant of the power  
Obedient in the primrose flower  
To the hand's skill that toils to add  
New petals till the flower be clad  
In fuller glory. What's the bond  
Between us two, that I respond  
To what you are? Nor do you know  
What lies within me fain to grow  
Under your hand.

But if the worm  
Should call itself the butterfly,  
Since it will soon become one, I  
Better to be myself affirm  
That I am Beauty, Truth — for you  
I would be Beauty, Truth, imbue  
Your life with love and loveliness.  
And you can make me Beauty, Truth,  
And I can bring you soul success  
If you but train my flower whose youth  
Still may be governed, keep erect  
My hope in this poor earthen sod.  
I think this is a task which God  
Appoints for us. We may neglect  
The task in this life, but to find

It is a task we leave behind,  
Only to meet it, till we see  
Our fate worked out in lives to be.  
O. from my crawling self to spread  
My golden wings above your head,  
Through love of love and you discard  
The sting, the rings of green, the shard.  
Oh, to be Psyche, passion tried  
Through flesh, desire, purified!  
Love is my lode-star, music yours —  
Souls must go where the lode-star lures.

*Reedy's Mirror*

*Edgar Lee Masters*

## MA

What can she be thinking of—  
This gray-haired, dark-faced little woman  
With those close-drawn cheeks and humbly lowered  
eyes,  
As she bends over the wash-tub,  
Scrubbing the wet underwear against the wash-board  
All morning long!  
What can she be thinking of—  
In this queerly quiet kitchen,  
Dark and small and clean-kept like herself,  
As the blown rain whips against the window pane  
And swishes into the yard  
With a soft, continual splash—  
I have an impelling desire to understand her;  
To know her and get nearer to her—  
This tired-faced woman who is my mother.  
I wish I could get into her bowed head  
As she bends over the wash-tub,  
And look through her dimmed eyes

And see how things seem to her  
After fifty-seven years of life —  
Fifty-seven years of the great commonplaces of life:  
Childhood, girlhood, wifehood, motherhood;  
All but death —  
And that, too.  
Fifty-seven years of sorrowing, rejoicing, despairing,  
    hoping  
Over the world's timeless joys and griefs;  
Questioning not the scheme  
That mostly gave her things to sorrow over,  
And despair over  
All these years.  
After bringing ten children into the world,  
In the ordinary, miraculous way;  
Nursing them with unwearied breasts,  
Working for them with unwearied hands,  
Loving them with unwearied patience,  
Battling for them  
With poverty, death and disease  
For thirty years; —  
Seeing some of them struggle into manhood;  
Seeing some of them struggle into womanhood,  
Painfully, joylessly;  
And following some of them to their little graves,  
In their birthplace across the sea,  
Under the Russian birch trees.  
And one —  
She who was your first born, mother!  
She who gave you most joy and most pain —  
Seeing her grow up in your barren house,  
Like a tall tree from a cleft rock,  
Strong and healthy and haughty with beauty,  
Hating her humble birth,  
Panting for color and joy; —  
Seeing her flare out her tumultuous years

In a brief feverish fire;  
Until you followed her, too,  
Burying half of your heart  
Under a tombstone in Brooklyn.  
And all the while,  
These thirty-seven years,  
Mated with the wreck of a strong man,  
The wreck of a great soul,  
Broken and humbled by a strange disease,  
That lurked in him like an assassin —  
Patiently loving, living, bearing with him;  
Suffering his pain as your own;  
Sharing his weakness and worshipping his strength;  
Respecting the tragedy you could not understand.

Woman, woman,  
Sublime, simple mother of mine,  
Scrubbing away at the wash-board  
With gnarled, mechanical fingers —  
What do you make of all this!  
How do you reconcile  
All the purposelessness and fruitlessness and con-  
trariness of things  
In that crude mind of yours —  
Seeing the faith that cloaked you from the truth,  
That explained and arranged and combined,  
Systematizing the Universe into a well-ordered house-  
hold  
With a Master who saw all and knew all,  
Punishing and rewarding in inexplicable ways —  
Seeing your old faith cast off and trampled under  
foot,  
Ignored and derided by your own children  
As a foolish, baseless fable,  
Mother, poor mother of mine,  
What can you make of all this,

Scrubbing away at your wash-board,  
This rainy morning?  
What are you thinking about?  
I wish I could know!  
Are you thinking of her that you lost,  
In the full-blown bloom of your hope —  
Plucked from your arms,  
As you held her down to the bed  
Helping the doctor that day?  
Do you see her come in through the door,  
Quick and abrupt as of old:  
Her heavy, masculine step;  
Her straight and broad-bosomed figure;  
The animal health of her cheeks.  
Are you remembering  
Some word that she carelessly dropped;  
A certain twist of her neck —  
And your dark face darkens;  
And your gray head pensively droops;  
And your eyes that have wept themselves red,  
Glisten with oncoming tears.

Or are you thinking of your husband,  
Reeling his way through the years,  
Stupefied by his fate —  
Falling and rising and falling,  
Under the bludgeon of life!  
And you remember a Sabbath afternoon  
In Kartushkiya-Beroza,  
When the town turned out for a stroll; —  
How you walked by his side on the highway,  
Proud to be envied of all.  
Or are you thinking of me —  
Your strange, queer, puzzle of a son;  
The poet-changeling of your womb —  
Whom you would love but do not know how;

Whom you would hope for but do not know what.  
And your heart is sad with apprehension  
Knowing not why.

Or are you thinking of the little ones  
And your little daily cares:  
Those socks that you washed just now —  
They are far too torn to be mended;  
Or those worn-out shreds of underwear —  
And winter coming . . .

Here they are back from school  
With a loud ring at the door —  
"I'll open it, Ma."

*McCall's Magazine*

*Alter Brody*

## THE MILL

The miller's wife had waited long,  
The tea was cold, the fire was dead;  
And there might yet be nothing wrong  
In how he went and what he said:  
"There are no millers any more,"  
Was all that she had heard him say;  
And he had lingered at the door  
So long that it seemed yesterday.

Sick with a fear that had no form  
She knew that she was there at last;  
And in the mill there was a warm  
And mealy fragrance of the past.  
What else there was would only seem  
To say again what he had meant;

And what was hanging from a beam  
Would not have heeded where she went.

And if she thought it followed her,  
She may have reasoned in the dark  
That one way of the few there were  
Would hide her and would leave no mark:  
Black water, smooth above the weir  
Like starry velvet in the night,  
Though ruffled once, would soon appear  
The same as ever to the sight.

*The New Republic*    *Edwin Arlington Robinson*

### TO TWO UNKNOWN LADIES <sup>1</sup>

Ladies, I do not know you, and I think  
I do not want to. And a strange beginning  
I make with that. Admitted; there's the odds.  
You live between the covers of a book,  
At least for me, but then I've known a crowd  
Of other people who do that. My mind  
Is stuffed with phantoms out of poets' brains.  
But you are out of nothing but the air,  
Or were, rather, for one of you is dead.  
Dead or alive, it is the same to me,  
Since all our contact lies in printer's ink.

But even this, peculiar as it is,  
Is but a thread of singularity.  
Here is another, that I see you double,  
Each one beheld in profile, as it were.

<sup>1</sup> The "Unknown Ladies" are the Misses Sommerville and Ross, whose writings on Irish Life and Character have captivated many readers besides Miss Lowell.—EDITOR.

And yet the full-face view is not composite,  
But shows two totally specific halves  
Which do not blend and still are not distinct.  
And again why should I perplex my eyes  
With trying so hard to draw you both together  
As though you were a lighted candle, split  
Upon an oculist's dissecting spectacles?

You see the thing is really not so simple  
As A. B. C., or Keats, or "Christabel,"  
And that is where the plague comes in for me.  
For here, sitting quite calmly in my chair,  
Settled down comfortably to an evening's reading,  
I open up the queerest possibility,  
Namely: the visitation of a ghost.  
Suppose I throw you down the glove at once  
And say I'm haunted, does that bring the answer?  
If so, it blurs beyond what I can grasp  
And foggy answers leave us where we were.

If either of you much attracted me  
We could fall back upon phenomena  
And make a pretty story out of psychic  
Balances, but not to be too broad  
In my discourtesy, nor prudish neither  
(Since, really, I can hardly quite suppose  
With all your ghostliness you follow me),  
I feel no such attraction. Or if one  
Bows to my sympathy for the briefest space,  
Snap—it is gone! And, worst of all to tell,  
What broke it is not in the least dislike  
But utter boredom.  
Now I acknowledge you are sensible,  
And so I put it squarely; is there not  
A strange absurdity in being haunted  
By ghosts who crack one's jaws upon a yawn?



If that were all of it! But nothing's all.  
For just as I am oozing into sleep,  
See-sawing gently out of consciousness,  
A phrase of yours will laugh out loud and clang  
Me broad awake. And still there's more to come:  
Sometimes I catch the faintest whiff of flutes.  
And that I hold to be a paradox.

Did ever ladies lead so dull a life  
As you? At least according to my taste  
(I'll be polite enough to put it so).  
You wrote, but, Great Saint Peter, tell me how!  
With half a destiny. Now we, poor devils,  
Fill our ink-wells with entrails, pour our veins  
To wet a pencil point, and end at last  
As shrivelled as a pod of money-wort,  
And (let me say this in a neat aside)  
We hope as shining. So do artists live,  
And skulls are best when turned to flower-pots.

Now your way: Half a year, or more, or less;  
A book tossed off between two sets of tennis,  
Or jotted down some morning of hard frost  
When the hounds could not run. Pale Jesus Christ,  
Is this an effort worthy to be classed  
Beyond the writing of cake recipes?  
One of you painted. Well, you have no shame  
To call such trash a picture. Years and years  
You studied with the patient, stupid zeal  
Of every amateur, and to this day  
You never guess how badly you have done.

You speak of music, and my nerve-ends sting  
Thinking of Chopin sentimentalized  
By innocent young ladyhood; of Liszt  
Doted upon, his tinsel rhodomontade

Held for high romance. And the ghastly nights  
On cracked hotel pianos! It would be  
Experience to read of washier stuff.  
And yet — and yet — this clearly is not all.  
Or why should I go back to you again,  
Evening and evening, in a kind of thirst,  
Surprising my tongue upon an almond taste.

A puzzling business. Everything comes back  
And hooks upon a question. I suspect  
Myself of cheating, stacking a full pack  
With diamond Jacks extraordinary and Queens  
Of Spades enough to make a declaration  
Of quite superb inviolability.  
But if the pack were dealt again, what then?  
So what's the truth behind my set of it,  
If I can keep my eyes clear long enough  
To get a squint thereat? Almonds, I said,  
Smooth, white, and bitter, wonderfully almonds.

Your fingers were unequal to the task  
Of fashioning pictures, they were not enough.  
For pictures take the whole and whip it round  
To something out of you; and this you could  
Contrive, but not as artists, since this thing  
Was not your making. You were pigment, line.  
I will not split you up to parts and parts,  
Suffice it that the pictures here are you.  
Double and single, like chrysanthemums,  
Each of one family, but with just differences  
Of color and habit and the arch of stem.

Two halves, I said, and here I patterned rightly.  
A frail half and a virile, but both shoots  
Of one straight mother tree. It is your nobleness  
That shocks a fire across these photographs

And makes them a contentment for strained eyes  
Hurt by the ugliness of crowds in streets,  
Stumbling short-sighted in a group of gargoyles.  
You might have posed for caryatides,  
With wind-drawn garments sucking round your limbs,  
Your beauty blushing through their flattened gauze,  
Before a temple, on a sunny day.

I wonder I am Greek enough to feel  
Such solace in mere outline. But again,  
As always where I find you are concerned,  
This does not finish your effect. For when  
I write down Greek, it is inadequate.  
Marble you are, but there's that jet of fire  
Like a red sunset on a fall of snow.  
I feel a wind blowing off heather hills,  
Am vaguely conscious of the moan of waves,  
And sea-weed fronds pulsating in a pool.  
Now this, of course, is anything but Greek.

Horses and dogs! You say yourself that they  
Are stuck with limpet-closeness to your life.  
And there, I think, is more than parallel.  
For dogs and horses have a wistfulness,  
A pathos, in their bursts of gaiety  
Which tears the heart, even when crinky-tail  
Sets dogs in bundles racing round a lawn  
Or snaps a horse's feet to jiggling springs  
Cat-dancing with a sudden twitch of ears.  
And you are both like that, for your jokes bob  
Under taut flags across a bay of tears.

That figure is so old, I feel a twinge  
Of hot compunction at using it again.  
But even artists stub their toes sometimes  
Upon the fallen centuries, and Helen

Was much considered by the youth of Troy.  
I think perhaps your prototypes in Sparta  
Called forth that metaphor. But let it pass.  
It is a fact that my eyes itch and burn  
At this of you on horseback. Foolish! Oh,  
Shall you call folly at this time of day,  
You, who tell tales of banshees in a park!

Again a facet. Like a lapidary  
I cut and cut in microscopic flakes,  
But never get the gem for all these sides.  
There's more to you than single flesh and blood  
Though these be fine and clear as new-stripped al-  
monds.

And more than tears; but what it is drifts out  
Beyond the surf-line of my consciousness  
And blurs in dazzle so I lose its edge.  
The puzzle grows as I unravel it,  
For all these feelings come out of a book  
And you, who cannot write, have written it.

There's food for many solitary munchings,  
And sticks to beat an artist's soul withal.  
You cannot write and look what you have written:  
Two lives which stare and twinkle on the page  
So that I blind in looking. That's a glare  
To put out farthing candles of professionals.  
Had I not seen your drawings, I might almost  
Have been bewitched by that hotel piano  
And guessed you better understood your Chopin.  
Now I am all at sea and clinging  
To horses and a cat-leap at a fence.

Well, there it stands, and what I get is life,  
And love held back and breaking up and out.  
Your heart is never on your sleeve, you say;

But try your hardest, it is in your pen,  
And death is nothing to vitality  
Swinging across a second heart. At best  
One sees a breeding like those draperies  
Which cool my naked caryatides.  
Why, I'm not dead, but merely gone in space  
And that you slap away with easy hand  
Drawing me closer much than you intend.

Perhaps the very queerest of these facts  
Is that I feel apologies are due  
For just this thing which wakes my admiration.  
You do not want me crowding in behind  
That carefully embroidered sleeve, and yet  
What I behold mounts to a blazing altar,  
And both are there before it, worshipping.  
Will you forgive this little pinch of incense,  
For one of you is dead and she will know,  
Perhaps, at least, what magic brought me here.  
And I will never seek to meet the other,  
I only write to exorcise a ghost.

*The North American Review*

*Amy Lowell*

## FATHERLAND

For what would a man die?  
For what would a man be dead,  
In April? — go down and lie  
In a low bed,  
And when spring was passing by  
Pull the covers over his head?

Did he know his house would be dark,  
The window curtains drawn,

When the morning star was a spark  
On the ashes of the dawn? —  
Chilly and very low.  
With no door swinging back and forth  
Where he may pass and go  
Over the shining swarth,  
With the winds singing to and fro  
And the redbirds winging north?  
Would he lie like a straight ash stick  
When the roots around him stir  
And the other dead are quick —  
The daisy and ragweed and burr? —  
Lie still, though he hear in his night  
The wind blowing on to June;  
The silence of ripe sunlight  
Over the grass at noon;  
The stars like bees overhead  
In the apple trees and the plums?  
For what would a man be dead  
Now April comes?

Do men love Fatherland  
So, that they die for these:  
Night in blue valleys, and  
The breakers of blue seas;  
Clouds marching, caravanned,  
And star-acquainted trees;  
Cities time's made grey  
And talkative and wise;  
Hills so old they may  
Watch pain with patient eyes;  
Young mountain-tops that play  
At touching the skies;  
The heavens, like a bent hand;  
The brown earth underneath?  
Are these his Fatherland,

For which man stops his breath,  
Takes off his body, and  
Goes down to sit with Death?

Or is it this that rouses  
His heart to go:  
Do streets of little houses  
Keep haunting him so  
With their secrets, like small caged birds  
That flutter and fly at the sill,  
And their ghosts of long-dead words  
That are walking still;  
With their cool white beds for sleep,  
And their tables spread,  
And their tented roofs that keep  
Out the curious moon overhead?

For these what man would end  
His own fire and lamp-light,  
His thought that is his friend  
And sits by his hearth at night;  
His old, acquainted clothes  
And the sweet taste of bread —  
All of the things he knows —  
Go down in the earth and be dead?  
No, this is Fatherland,  
For which men, lifting up  
Life, toss it on the sand  
Like water from a cup:  
A little land that has  
Truth round it like a sea,  
Where dreams are many as  
The leaves are on a tree,  
And stars grow in the grass  
For men to touch and see.  
A little, holy land

Within all hearts of men  
The earth holds in her hand —  
There he is citizen  
With high, heroic things,  
With faiths and loyalties,  
With deeds that put on wings,  
And songs that sing of these;  
With sacrifice, though it be  
For a mistaken dream;  
Justice and mercy  
Alive with a little gleam  
In the earth of men who say  
They have rooted it from the sod  
And taken another way  
And got them another God.

From mountains of the moon  
April has come once more;  
But April, nor May, nor June,  
Will ever find his door.  
He lies so quiet now  
In puzzlement how death  
Can be so kind, and how  
Lightly he draws his breath.  
Almost afraid to stir  
Lest he find his dreaming vain,  
He drinks of wonder there  
As green leaves drink the rain.  
I think he was not sad  
To feel his weight of clay,  
Nor sorry that he had  
Lost April's way.  
He had such glory in  
His closing eyes  
He needs no stars to spin  
And bubble in clear skies,



No young south wind that leaps  
Singing, no April flowers;  
Within his house he keeps  
A greater spring than ours.

*Eloise Robinson*

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

## THE EMPIRE OF CHINA IS CRUMBLING DOWN

*Dedicated to William Rose Benét*

### I

*Now let the generations pass —  
Like sand through Heaven's blue hour-glass.*

By the capital where poetry began,  
Near the only printing presses known to man,  
Young Confucius walks the shore  
On a sorrowful day.  
The town, all books, is tumbling down  
Through the blue bay.  
From rusty musty walls the bookworms come;  
They drown themselves like rabbits in the sea.  
Venomous scholars harry mandarins  
With pitchfork, blunderbuss and snickersnee.  
In the book-slums there is thunder;  
Gunpowder, that sad wonder,  
Intoxicates the knights and beggar-men.  
The old grotesques of war begin again:  
Devils, furies, fairies are set free.

Confucius hears a carol and a hum:  
A picture sea-child whirs from off his fan

In one quick breath of peach-bloom fantasy,  
And in an instant bows the reverent knee —  
A full-grown sweetheart, chanting his renown.  
And then she darts into the Yellow Sea,  
Calling, calling:  
" Sage with holy brow,  
Say farewell to China now;  
Live like the swine,  
Leave off your scholar-gown!  
This city of books is falling, falling,  
The Empire of China is crumbling down."

II

*Confucius, Confucius, how great was Confucius —  
The sunrise of Lu, and the master of Mencius?*

Alexander fights the East.  
Just as the Indus turns him back  
He hears of swarming lands beyond,  
And sword-swept cities on the rack  
With crowns outshining India's crown:  
The Empire of China, crumbling down.  
Later the Roman sibyls say:  
" Egypt, Persia and Macedon,  
Tyre and Carthage, passed away;  
And the Empire of China is crumbling down.  
Rome will never crumble down."

III

*See how the generations pass —  
Like sand through Heaven's blue hour-glass.*

Arthur waits on the British shore  
One thankful day,  
For Galahad sails back at last  
To Camelot Bay.

The pure knight lands and tells the tale:  
"Far in the east  
A sea-girl led us to a king,  
The king to a feast,  
In a land where poppies bloom for miles,  
Where books are made like bricks and tiles.  
I taught that king to love your name —  
Brother and Christian he became.

"His Town of Thunder-Powder keeps  
A giant hound that never sleeps,  
A crocodile that sits and weeps.

"His Town of Cheese the mouse affrights  
With fire-winged cats that light the nights.  
They glorify the land of rust;  
Their sneeze is music in the dust.

"All towns have one same miracle  
With the Town of Silk, the capital —  
Vast book-worms in the book-built walls.  
Their creeping shakes the silver halls;  
They look like cables, and they seem  
Like writhing roots on trees of dream.  
Their sticky cobwebs cross the street,  
Catching scholars by the feet,  
Who own the tribes, yet rule them not,  
Bitten by book-worms till they rot.  
Beggars and clowns rebel in might  
Bitten by book-worms till they fight."

Arthur calls his knights in rows:  
"I will go if Merlin goes;  
These rebels must be flayed and sliced —  
Let us cut their throats for Christ."  
But Merlin whispers in his beard:  
"China has witchcraft to be feared."

Arthur stares at the sea-foam's rim  
Amazed. The fan-girl beckons him!—  
Her witch-ways all his senses drown.  
She laughs in her wing, like the sleeve of a gown.  
She lifts a key of crimson stone:  
"The Great Gunpowder-town you own."  
She lifts a key with chains and rings:  
"I give the town where cats have wings."  
She lifts a key as white as milk:  
"This unlocks the Town of Silk"—  
Throws forty keys at Arthur's feet:  
"These unlock the land complete."

Then, frightened by suspicious knights,  
And Merlin's eyes like altar-lights,  
And the Christian towers of Arthur's town,  
She spreads blue fins—she whirs away;  
Fleeing far across the bay,  
Wailing through the gorgeous day:  
"My sick king begs you save his crown  
And his learned chiefs from the worm and clown—  
The Empire of China is crumbling down."

IV

*Always the generations pass,  
Like sand through Heaven's blue hour-glass!*

The time the King of Rome is born—  
Napoleon's son, that eaglet thing—  
Bonaparte finds beside his throne  
One evening, laughing in her wing,  
A Chinese sea-child; and she cries,  
Breaking his heart with emerald eyes  
And fairy-bred unearthly grace:  
"Master, take your destined place—"

Across white foam and water blue  
The streets of China call to you:  
The Empire of China is crumbling down."  
Then he bends to kiss her mouth,  
And gets but incense, dust and drouth.

In Tokio they cry: "O King,  
China's way is a shameful thing."  
In hard Berlin they cry: "O King,  
China's way is a shameful thing."  
And thus our song might call the roll  
Of every land from pole to pole,  
And every rumor known to time  
Of China doddering — or sublime.

V

*Slowly the generations pass —  
Like sand through Heaven's blue hour-glass.*

But let us find tomorrow now:  
Our towns are gone;  
Our books have passed; ten thousand years  
Have thundered on.  
The Sphinx looks far across the world  
In fury black:  
She sees all western nations spent  
Or on the rack.  
Eastward she sees one land she knew  
When from the stone  
Priests of the sunrise carved her out  
And left her alone.  
She sees the shore Confucius walked  
On his sorrowful day:  
Learnèd paupers riot yet  
In the ancient way;

Officials, futile as of old,  
Have gowns more bright:  
Bookworms are fiercer than of old,  
Their skins more white;  
Dust is deeper than of old;  
More bats are flying;  
More songs are written than of old —  
More songs are dying.

Where Galahad found forty towns  
Now fade and glare  
Ten thousand towns with book-tiled roof  
And garden-stair,  
Where beggars' babies come like showers  
Of classic words:  
They rule the world — immortal brooks  
And magic birds.  
The lion Sphinx roars at the sun:  
"I hate this nursing you have done!  
The meek inherit the earth too long —  
When will the world belong to the strong?"  
She soars; she claws his patient face —  
The girl-moon screams at the disgrace.  
The sun's blood fills the western sky;  
He hurries not, and will not die.

The baffled Sphinx, on granite wings,  
Turns now to where young China sings.  
One thousand of ten thousand towns  
Go down before her silent wrath;  
Yet even lion-gods may faint  
And die upon their brilliant path.  
She sees the Chinese children romp  
In dust that she must breathe and eat.  
Her tongue is reddened by its lye;  
She craves its grit, its cold and heat.

The Dust of Ages holds a glint  
Of fire from the foundation-stones,  
Of spangles from the sun's bright face,  
Of sapphires from earth's marrow-bones.  
Mad-drunk with it, she ends her day —  
Slips when a high sea-wall gives way,  
Drowns in the cold Confucian sea  
Where the whirring fan-girl first flew free.

*In the light of the maxims of Chesterfield, Mencius,  
Franklin or Nietzsche, how great was Confucius?*

His fan's gay daughter, crowned with sand,  
Between the water and the land  
Now cries on high in irony,  
With a voice of night-wind alchemy:  
"O drownèd cat,  
O stony-face,  
The joke is on Egyptian pride,  
The joke is on the human race:  
'The meek inherit the earth too long —  
When will the world belong to the strong?'  
I am born from off the holy fan  
Of the world's most civil gentleman.  
So answer me,  
O deathless sea!"

And thus will the answering Ocean call:  
"China will fall,  
The Empire of China will crumble down,  
When the Alps and the Andes crumble down;  
When the sun and the moon have crumbled down,  
The Empire of China will crumble down,  
Crumble down."

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse      Vachel Lindsay*

## DEMOS

### I

All you that are enamored of my name  
And least intent on what most I require,  
Beware; for my design and your desire,  
Deplorably, are not as yet the same.  
Beware, I say, the failure and the shame  
Of losing that for which you now aspire  
So blindly, and of hazarding entire  
The gift that I was bringing when I came.

Give as I will, I cannot give you sight  
Whereby to see that with you there are some  
To lead you, and be led. But they are dumb  
Before the wrangling and the shrill delight  
Of your deliverance that has not come,  
And shall not, if I fail you — as I might.

### II

So little have you seen of what awaits  
Your fevered glimpse of a democracy  
Confused and foiled with an equality  
Not equal to the envy it creates,  
That you see not how near you are the gates  
Of an old king who listens fearfully  
To you that are outside and are to be  
The noisy lords of imminent estates.

Rather be then your prayer for what you have.  
Than what your power denies you, having all.  
See not the great among you for the small,



But hear their silence; for the few shall save  
The many, or the many are to fall —  
Still to be wrangling in a noisy grave.

*Edwin Arlington Robinson*  
*The North American Review*

## THE LITTLE PEOPLES

The little peoples of the troubled earth,  
The little nations that are weak and white;—  
For them the glory of another birth,  
For them the lifting of the veil of night.  
The big men of the world in concert met,  
Have sent forth in their power a new decree:  
Upon the old harsh wrongs the sun must set,  
Henceforth the little peoples must be free!

But we, the blacks, less than the trampled dust,  
Who walk the new ways with the old dim eyes,—  
We to the ancient gods of greed and lust  
Must still be offered up as sacrifice:  
Oh, we who deign to live but will not dare,  
The white world's burden must forever bear!

*The Liberator*

*Claude McKay*

## TO ITALY

1918

Fair land of dear desire,  
Where beauty like a gleam  
Awakes the hidden fire  
Of what our souls would dream!

Where shining ilex glistens,  
And cypress' sombre shade  
Above dim fountains listens  
In some forgotten glade.

Ah! land of dear desire,  
Thy beauty floods again  
My heart with sudden fire  
And burns away its pain.

I dream with Perugino  
On some far Umbrian hill,  
Or walk with sweet Saint Francis  
Till this world's fret is still;

Until my soul reposes  
As, once unscourged he lay,  
Amid the thornless roses  
Until the break of day.

Dear saint, who was the brother  
Of every living thing,  
Could we to one another  
Thy gracious message bring,

The world renewed, awaking,  
Would shed the shattered, torn,  
Grim night of its own making,  
And pledge a peace reborn.

Fair land of dear desire  
Thy beauty like a dream  
Shall kindle and inspire  
What all our souls would dream!

*Corinne Roosevelt Robinson*  
*Scribner's Magazine*

## A DREAM OF ENGLAND

Will it be still the old land,  
The land we used to know,  
Where the hawthorn hedges blossom,  
And trellised roses glow?

Will giant billows shatter  
Their foaming bulks of green  
Around the jagged Cornwall cliffs  
And up the bays between?

Will Dartmoor still be sombre  
In purples and in browns?  
Will summer send an ecstasy  
Along the Sussex downs?

Will tranquil Isis linger  
On many a silvern reach,  
By pensive spire and burly tower,  
And copse of oak and beech?

Will Warwick wear a brodered smock,  
Fine-stitched with white and gold?  
Will Yorkshire moors roll Scotlandward  
In fold on dusky fold?

Will England be that England,  
Unblasted by the war,  
With coast and heath and countryside  
As lovely as before?

*The Nation*

*Charles Wharton Stork*

## AVON MEMORIES

Gaffer Perks on his chain of land  
Smokes his pipe in the church's shadow;  
An old Brown Bess in his gnarled left hand  
And a tilting eye for rooks that fly  
From the trees down by the holme meadow.

And the Avon flows silently, gently down,  
Passing on, passing on,  
With leaves from the elms of Stratford town,  
And Godfrey's Bell tolls gloomily.

The long fields surge with dark-green wheat;  
Knee-deep meadows softly sway;  
The Cotswolds glow with copper flame  
And the gale dies with the dying day.

A nightingale begins to sing —  
Or is it the voice of one I knew  
In a long-departed spring  
When in the twilight by the river  
We saw the quivering new moon rise,  
And sat upon the quaint old stile  
And could not meet each other's eyes?

I hear the voices of wandering lovers,  
Round in the willow-hidden bends,  
Here and there a silent shape  
Crouches low in the reedy covers.  
So it was in olden times  
When the cowed freres came  
And fished by dreamy Avonside,  
And heard the nightingale begin  
With the first convent chimes.

Slow . . . Low . . .  
Through the dewy gloom  
Music falls from the grey, old towers  
Upon knighthood's crumbled tomb  
And hidden fields of flowers:  
It is a land of dreams,  
Dark hills and magic moors,  
Of Druid oaks, and streams  
Flowing to ancient shores.

There is a mystery here in the dusky lanes  
About that time when the May-bloom falls;  
For, when the eye sees no thing pass,  
There is sound of feet upon the grass:  
Rifle of lace and shirr of satin,  
Lilt of French and drone of Latin,  
And ring of steel on vanished walls;  
And, at times, in the pulsing quiet,  
Hedges quiver with ghostly riot  
Of mad, barbaric strains  
From buried banquet halls.

This is a land where queens have journeyed  
In blossoming-orchard-times of old  
To music of rich pageantry,  
Through the valley riding down  
With passing glint of gold.

From Tewkesbury up to Stratford town,  
In the keep of Bredon hill,  
If in dark of dawn you listen,  
You can hear the shrill  
Piping of the morris dancers  
On the winding river road;  
You may see the spangles glisten  
Though the dancers' feet are still.

And if you were not born among  
Avon's scattered fairy rings,  
And cannot see the elvery  
Nor hear the pagan strings,  
Still, when from straw-thatched cottage roofs  
The slow blue wreaths arise  
In the dim hush of April morns  
Like breath of sacrifice,  
And the dark hills encircle you around,  
What need to whisper to the wise  
That this is haunted ground?  
Ripples in the shallows by the bridge  
Where the road goes up to Cropthorne on the hill,  
Summer haze and ladysmocks  
And the clack of Fladbury mill . . .

Cackle of grey geese in the meadows,  
And gold and purple mists upon it all,  
And cows going home through the shadows  
That softly, softly fall.

Hark! Hark! Godfrey's Bell!  
Far, how far, it seems;  
Still it tolls for Avon's souls,  
A grim and steady Saxon knell,  
And now, it tolls my dreams.

*Youth, Poetry of Today*      *Leyland Huckfield*

# THE CITY

## I

### VILLAGE FANTASY — THE QUEST

Outside we heard the January wind  
Come down the alley where our feet had sinned  
By leading us. We heard it at the door  
Where we had come, but thought of it no more,  
Until it came again and shook the latch.  
And then we only laughed because a match  
That someone struck was suddenly blown out,  
Just laughed and said that ghosts must be about,  
We pounded on the table for a drink  
And caught a distant promissory clink  
Of glasses from the bar room down the hall.  
We heard the wind again along the wall,  
Outside the window this time, felt a draught  
Sweep through the room, but this time no one laughed.  
Instead we looked at where the door stood wide  
And saw a lovely woman step inside  
And turn to tell a man to follow her,  
As though they rather wondered where they were.

The two went to a table where the smoke  
From all our cigarets, as if to cloak  
Their presences, moved slowly at a sign  
Of wind that lingered, letting us divine  
Uncertainly their smiles at one another,  
Whether he be lover, friend, or brother,  
What they drank, or why, or even when.  
And though we would resume our talk again  
It was about a wind that each one thought,  
A wind and what that — what a chance had brought!  
(A chance, of course; who doubted it — a chance.

The rest was just a wintry circumstance!)  
It was not long then till we heard the start  
Of sudden music from that darkened part  
Of Tim's back room, of music swift and sweet,  
A rhythm half barbaric that our feet  
Must follow though our hearts take up with fear.

And then we saw the woman drawing near,  
Swaying with the music as she came,  
Singing with her lips a double flame.  
A song of some fair city where the ways  
Were endless and the nights were holidays.  
And we forgot the crying violin  
The while we watched the whirling dancer spin  
The pattern of her dance upon the floor,  
The while we listened as she sang us more  
Of multitudes, of laden ships, of great  
Emotions' hundred heights of love and hate.  
She took us up the crowded avenue  
And led us down the by-streets that she knew  
And interspersed a verse or two of pain,  
Until her song was still, till its refrain  
Went silent on the strings. Behind my chair  
I sensed her presence, felt her standing there.

We saw the violinist lay aside  
His violin, with tenderness half pride,  
And with his head upon the table fall  
Asleep, as though 'twere some recessionary  
That he had played, recessionary of life  
Itself, or love, or sin, or all the strife  
The city held of which she sang. And she?  
She did not ask that I should rise and flee.  
She only let, in passing me, her hand  
Fall on my shoulder softly, let a strand  
Of ribbon brush my cheek, and she was gone.



And though a wind at night or stars at dawn  
Gave hint of her, though long I sought, I never  
Found her after. Though I seek forever,  
I might gain at most a far-off sound  
Of music, sound of laughter, on the ground  
A petal that had fallen from her hair,  
Or violin, outworn, left lying there.  
And I have thought of him she left in slumber,  
Thought of all the others, of their number,  
Thought how few who found her found their doom  
So happy as to wake in Tim's back room.

## II

### THE CITY

And now I roam the wide and thronging square;  
And now a street where dingy houses stare  
In silence on me as I hurry by,  
Their shades drawn close against the friendly sky,  
Drawn close against the trees, forbidding me.  
But I have never known desire to see  
Behind those blinds, content to speculate  
On things that could not be.

So satiate

With beauty do I grow in crowded places  
That in my sleep I count a thousand faces  
Viewing me with enigmatic eyes.  
And I have never cared to realize  
What mysteries compressed the lips that passed,  
What secrets moved them, smiling or aghast.  
For I have been too lost within the crowd,  
This unreality that speaks aloud  
No word, but whispers, whispers on, and seems  
A cloud of sleep with rainy eyes of dreams.

So often still I wonder where she went,  
She whom I followed, whom the city sent  
To find me, whom I sought and could not find.  
I wonder who she is, of what strange mind  
Or spirit, in what place or mood she dwells.  
Yet she is gone, no longer now compels  
Pursuit of her, although I think her near  
Within this city that I love and fear,  
Just as I loved and feared so long ago  
The music that she sang, that haunted so.

I see the throngs go in a room to dine,  
I start away alone to enter mine.  
But always I return to watch the faces,  
Have them sweep me on to other places,  
Close to me, far-off, and close again,  
Women, little children, and the men.

And then at night, at night, I love to walk  
Where buildings rise like pale white towers of chalk  
And where below my shadow creeps with me,  
When down the street as far as I can see  
There is no living thing and I alone  
Am lost within this labyrinth of stone.  
I love to wander where the ways are dark  
And where there is no light or sign to mark  
Where I am going hither, whence I came,  
And where there is no voice or any name.

And so it shall be always to the last.  
Whoever come for me, however fast  
They follow where I go, they must return  
Without me in the end. And they shall learn  
That I shall be henceforward just a pale  
Remembrance of a face, with lips that fail

To answer and with eyes that turn away,  
One listening, for what no one can say.

*Detroit Sunday News*

*Stirling Bowen*

## SOUTH STATE STREET, CHICAGO

### I

Rows of blankly box-like buildings  
Raise their sodden architecture  
Into the poised lyric of the sky.  
At their feet, pawn-shops and burlesque theaters  
Yawn beneath their livid confetti.  
In the pawn-shop windows, violins,  
Cut-glass bowls and satchels mildly blink  
Upon the mottled turbulence outside,  
And sit with that detached assurance  
Gripping things inanimate.  
Near them, slyly shaded cabarets  
Stand in bland and ornate sleep,  
And the glassy luridness  
Of penny-arcades flays the eyes.  
The black crowd clatters like an idiot's wrath.

### II

Wander with me down this street  
Where the spectral night is caught  
Like moon-paint on a colorless lane . . .  
On this corner stands a woman  
Sleekly, sulkily complacent,  
Like a tigress nibbling bits of sugar.  
At her side, a brawny, white-faced man  
Whose fingers waltz upon his checkered suit,  
Searches for one face amidst the crowd.

(His smile is like a rambling sword.)  
His elbows almost touch a snowy girl  
Whose body blooms with cool withdrawal.  
From her little nook of peaceful scorn  
She casts unseeing eyes upon the crowd.

Near her stands a weary newsboy  
With a sullenly elfin face.  
The night has leaned too intimately  
On the frightened scampering of his soul.  
But to this old, staidly patient woman  
With her softly wintry eyes,  
Night bends down in gentle revelation  
Undisturbed by joy or hatred.  
At her side, two factory girls  
In slyly jaunty hats and swaggering coats,  
Weave a twinkling summer with their words:  
A summer where the night parades  
Rakishly, and like a gold Beau Brummel.  
With a gnome-like impudence  
They thrust their little, pink tongues out  
At men who sidle past.  
To them, the frantic dinginess of day  
Has melted to caressing restlessness  
Tingling with the pride of breasts and hips.  
At their side two dainty, languid girls  
Playing with their suavely tangled dresses,  
Touch the black crowd with unsearching eyes.  
But the old man on the corner,  
Bending over his cane like some tired warrior  
Resting on a sword, peers at the crowd  
With the smouldering disdain  
Of a King whipped out of his domain.  
For a moment he smiles uncertainly,  
Then wears a look of frail sternness.

Musty, Rabelaisian odors stray  
From this naively gilded family-entrance  
And make the body of a vagrant  
Quiver as though unseen roses grazed him.  
His face is blackly stubbled emptiness  
Swerving to the rotted prayers of eyes.  
Yet, sometimes his thin arm leaps out  
And hangs a moment in the air,  
As though he raised a violin of hate  
And lacked the strength to play it.  
A woman lurches from the family-entrance.  
With tense solicitude she hugs  
Her can of beer against her stunted bosom  
And mumbles to herself.  
The trampled blasphemy upon her face  
Holds up, in death, its watery, barren eyes.  
Indifferently, she brushes past the vagrant:  
Life has peeled away her sense of touch.

### III

With groping majesty, the endless crowd  
Pounds its searching chant of feet  
Down this tawdrily resplendent street.  
People stray into a burlesque theatre  
Framed with scarlet, blankly rotund girls.  
Here a burly cattle raiser walks  
With the grace of wind-swept prairie grass.  
Behind him steps a slender clerk  
Tendering his sprightly stridency  
To the stolid, doll-like girl beside him.  
At his side a heavy youth  
Dully stands beneath his swaggering mask;  
And a smiling man in black and white  
Walks, like some Pierrot grown middle-aged.  
Mutely twinkling fragments of a romance:

Tiny lights stand over this cabaret.  
Men and women jovially emboldened  
Stroll beneath the curtained entrance,  
And their laughs, like softly brazen cowbells,  
Change the scene to a strange pastoral.  
Hectic shepherdesses drunk with night,  
Women mingle their coquettish colors.  
Suddenly, a man leaps out  
From the open doorway's blazing pallor,  
Smashing into the drab sidewalk.  
His lips and eyelids break apart  
And make a clown in sudden suicide . . .  
Then the mottled nakedness  
Of the scene comes, like a blow.

Stoically crushed in hovering grey  
Night lies coldly on this street.  
Momentary sounds crash into night  
Like ghostly curses stifled in their birth. . . .  
And over all the blankly box-like buildings  
Raise their sodden architecture  
Into the poised lyric of the sky.

*Reedy's Mirror*

*Maxwell Bodenheim*

## THE OLD ROMAN ROAD

England is a peaceful land, a land of long ago;  
The stars that look on England watch her children  
come and go —  
Saxon, Norman, Briton, the stars for them have  
glowed —  
A thousand years from us they shone upon the Roman  
Road.

The English sun is high above the daisy dales and  
dells,  
And Summer's on the land like the music of far  
bells,—  
Poppies red among the wheat,—and ripe grass  
mowed,  
Where the sound of ancient battles died along the  
Roman Road.

When Hadrian made a barrier at the ending of the  
world,  
And the great name of Rome at the savage Picts  
was hurled,  
The high gods of Latium found a new abode,  
And Jupiter the Thunderer ruled the Roman Road.

The old Roman Road, the old Roman Road,  
A way of wonder to the lad who would not stay at  
home,  
Who wearied of his villa in the soft Italian land,  
And kissed his lady mother and faced northward  
out of Rome.

Ah! life was young in Britain, and wander-gold was  
there,  
And glory to be gained with a love-rose in her hair —  
But for young Patrician Pontius adventure was the  
goad,  
When he won to white Londinium and took the Roman  
Road.

Up past Eboracum marched legions out of Gaul,  
Through the heart of Britain, to guard the northern  
wall —  
Every town was brisk with trade as swinging by  
they strode

Marching, marching, marching on the old Roman  
Road.

Governors in purple, dancing girls in red,  
Wanderers from all the world along this road were  
led —

Thirsty troopers tramping with spear and shield for  
load,

And campfires at night all along the Roman Road.

By the old Roman Road where the legions marched  
along,

The ploughboy finds a rusty coin and sells it for a  
song,

And where the flashing chariot creaked beneath its  
load

The gypsy tinker's cart jogs by along the Roman  
Road.

*Hoyt Cooper*

*The Midland,*

*A Magazine of the Middle West*

## THE MARKET TOWN

When I was ill in the long ago

That lately seems so nigh,

They placed a mirror before me so

I could see the passersby;

Market women and trading men,

Children and ballad singers,

Farmers coming to town and then

The noisy auction ringers

With their "Hark, ye! Hark, ye!"

At twelve o' the clock in Ballinaree —



Twenty acres of turbary land  
To be sold at the fall of the hand."

Again I'm buried deep in bed,  
But in this looking glass  
I see the folk who passed instead  
Of those who now may pass;  
Market women and trading men,  
Children and auction ringers,  
Farmers coming to town and then  
The welcome ballad singers

With their "Hark, ye! Hark, ye!  
The Blushing Rose of Ballinaree—  
Twenty verses of a ballad made  
For the best of the Dublin trade."

Maybe a moon in another sky  
Shall be as a mirror so  
It might reflect the world which I  
Would still desire to know;  
Market women and trading men,  
Children and ballad singers,  
Farmers coming to town and then  
The rambling notice ringers

With their "Hark, ye! Hark, ye!  
At twelve o' the clock in Ballinaree—  
A ploughing match with a guinea's prize  
For the skill of your hands and eyes."

*N. Y. Sun Books and  
Book World*

*Francis Carlin*

## THE NEGRO DANCERS

### I

Lit with cheap colored lights a basement den,  
With rows of chairs and tables on each side,  
And, all about, young, dark-skinned women and men  
Drinking and smoking, merry, vacant-eyed.  
A Negro band, that scarcely seems awake,  
Drones out half-heartedly a lazy tune,  
While quick and willing boys their orders take  
And hurry to and from the near saloon.  
Then suddenly a happy, lilting note  
Is struck, the walk and hop and trot begin,  
Under the smoke upon foul air afloat;  
Around the room the laughing puppets spin  
To sound of fiddle, drum and clarinet,  
Dancing, their world of shadows to forget.

### II

'Tis best to sit and gaze; my heart then dances  
To the lithe bodies gliding slowly by,  
The amorous and inimitable glances  
That subtly pass from roguish eye to eye,  
The laughter gay like sounding silver ringing,  
That fills the whole wide room from floor to ceiling,—  
A rush of rapture to my tried soul bringing —  
The deathless spirit of a race revealing.  
Not one false step, no note that rings not true!  
Unconscious even of the higher worth  
Of their great art, they serpent-wise glide through  
The syncopated waltz. Dead to the earth  
And her unkindly ways of toil and strife,  
For them the dance is the true joy of life.

And yet they are the outcasts of the earth,  
 A race oppressed and scorned by ruling man;  
 How can they thus consent to joy and mirth  
 Who live beneath a world-eternal ban?  
 No faith is theirs, no shining ray of hope,  
 Except the martyr's faith, the hope that death  
 Some day will free them from their narrow scope  
 And once more merge them with the infinite breath.  
 But, oh! they dance with poetry in their eyes  
 Whose dreamy loveliness no sorrow dims,  
 And parted lips and eager, gleeful cries,  
 And perfect rhythm in their nimble limbs.  
 The gifts divine are theirs, music and laughter;  
 All other things, however great, come after.

*The Liberator*

*Claude McKay*

### SARK OF THE LEEWARDS

"The wreck of all that's solid, big and fine,"  
 The skipper groaned. "Ten years ago, to dine  
 With Sark redeemed whole months in ports like this.  
 I never met a man so grand with dreams. . . .  
 Jove! When he talked, his eyes would send out  
 gleams  
 Brighter than island fireflies. But his wife,  
 She'd squat there like a Carib-stone. No word  
 From her; just sullenness that sneered 'Absurd!'  
 Yet she was handsome in some nameless way. . . .  
 And now he's drinking, slacking, slipping down  
 To God knows what; still, miles above this town.  
 Tell him I sent you. Patois is his forte —

One of a score. He'll lend you any books  
You need, and — don't confuse him with his looks!"

The townsfolk bored me, so I looked up Sark  
One night. The weeds around his bungalow  
Blotted the path. The garden seemed to grow  
Haphazard; branches struck my face, one sweet,  
Too sweet, a frangipani's. The whole porch  
Was snarled with vines. No lights. I flashed my  
torch,

Made out the door and knocked. A shuffling step,  
And I was greeted with a slattern's "Well?"  
A reddish wrapper was the woman's shell:  
Her face I never really saw; her voice,  
My business stated, rasped me with a "There!"

A finger as abruptly pointing where  
A shadowy figure lounged. I coughed. It rose  
Yawning, advanced, said thickly: "I am Sark,  
If it is he you want." It was so dark  
I all but missed the hand whose firm, strong grip  
Denied the fumes whose presence proved him weak.  
I hedged. No use. "Decent of you to seek  
Me out like this. Come, try this Berbice chair!  
The skipper sent you? Good! The skipper's friend  
Would be *amicus certus in* — the end!"  
This with a mirthless laugh. "A smoke? a drink?"  
My cool refusal made him laugh again,  
This time like sunlight when it braves March rain.

The woman did not linger. I was glad;  
I would have never stuck it if she had,  
And suddenly I felt his need cry to me  
And knew that I must listen, though I fear  
Mixed with the wish to help was that to hear.

His eyes — the skipper was correct — they blazed;  
And I, I listened, startled, shaken, dazed  
By all the splendors — more than speech was his —  
By all the rocking splendors which rolled out  
Funneled with flame, a gold-spun water-spout.  
Such was his force, his swinging speed, his height,  
Reaching from silt to star — until he broke  
And sucked me down to share a stifling smoke  
Through which dragged heavily his final words,  
Pitiless, shameless, hopeless, first and last,  
As if a god had turned iconoclast:  
"She? It's the old, old story. Man's conceit  
Hankers for what it fails to understand,—  
The fascination of Fate's ampersand.  
But, Fate, remember, is the weaker self  
Made master of the will. So what I got  
Is what I destined; what I am, a sot,  
Only my own velleity in terms  
Of liquor. For the choice was mine, and then  
Again the choice was mine, all mine! Amen."

*Richard Butler Glaenser*

*The Midland,  
A Magazine of the Middle West*

### HARRY HAWKER

*So endlessly the gray-lipped sea  
Kept me within his eye,  
And lean he licked his hollow flanks  
And followed up the sky.*

I was the lark whose song was heard  
When I was lost to sight,  
I was the golden arrow loosed  
To pierce the heart of night.

I fled the little earth, I climbed  
Above the rising sun,  
I met the morning in a blaze  
Before my hour was gone.

I ran beyond the rim of space  
Its reins I flung aside,  
Laughter was mine and mine was youth  
And all my own was pride.

*So endlessly the gray-lipped sea  
Kept me within his eye  
And lean he licked his hollow flanks  
And followed up the sky.*

From end to end I knew the way  
I had no doubt nor fear;  
The minutes were a forfeit paid  
To fetch the landfall near.

But all at once my heart I held,  
My carol frozen died,  
A white cloud laid her cheek to mine  
And wove me to her side.

Her icy fingers clasped my flesh,  
Her hair drooped in my face,  
And up we fell and down we rose  
And twisted into space.

*So endlessly the gray-lipped sea  
Kept me within his eye  
And lean he licked his hollow flanks  
And followed up the sky.*

Laughter was mine and mine was youth,  
I pressed the edge of life,  
I kissed the sun and faced the wind,  
I found immortal strife.

*Out of myself I spent myself,  
I lost the mortal share,  
My grave is in the ashen plain,  
My spirit in the air.*

Goodbye, sweet pride of man that flew,  
Sweet pain of man that bled,  
I was the lark that spilled his heart,  
The golden arrow sped.

*So endlessly the gray-lipped sea  
Kept me within his eye  
And lean he licked his hollow flanks  
And followed up the sky.*

*The New Republic*

*Francis Hackett*

## JANE ADDAMS

Remember Botticelli's Fortitude  
In the Uffizi? — The worn, waiting face;  
The pale, fine-fibred hands upon the mace;  
The brow's serenity, the lips that brood,  
The vigilant, tired patience of her mood?  
There was a certain likeness I could trace  
The day I heard her in a country place,  
Talking to knitting women about Food.

Through cool statistics glowed the steady gleam  
Of that still undismayed, interned desire;

But—strength and stay, and deeper than the  
dream—

The two commands that she is pledged to keep  
In the red welter of a world on fire,  
Are, "What is that to thee?" and "Feed my sheep!"

*The Atlantic Monthly*      *Ruth Comfort Mitchell*

## WITH THE TIDE

[*Written on the day after Theodore Roosevelt's death*]

Somewhere I read, in an old book whose name  
Is gone from me, I read that when the days  
Of a man are counted, and his business done,  
There comes up the shore at evening, with the tide,  
To the place where he sits, a boat—  
And in the boat, from the place where he sits, he sees,  
Dim in the dusk, dim and yet so familiar,  
The faces of his friends long dead; and knows  
They come for him, brought in upon the tide,  
To take him where men go at set of day.  
Then rising, with his hands in theirs, he goes  
Between them his last steps, that are the first  
Of the new life—and with the ebb they pass,  
Their shaken sail grown small upon the moon.

Often I thought of this, and pictured me  
How many a man who lives with throngs about him,  
Yet straining through the twilight for that boat  
Shall scarce make out one figure in the stern,  
And that so faint its features shall perplex him  
With doubtful memories—and his heart hang back.  
But others, rising as they see the sail  
Increase upon the sunset, hasten down,



Hands out and eyes elated; for they see  
Head over head, crowding from bow to stern,  
Repeopling their long loneliness with smiles,  
The faces of their friends; and such go forth  
Content upon the ebb tide, with safe hearts.

But never

To worker summoned when his day was done  
Did mounting tide bring in such freight of friends  
As stole to you up the white wintry shingle  
That night while they that watched you thought you  
slept.

Softly they came, and beached the boat, and gathered  
In the still cove under the icy stars,  
Your last-born, and the dear loves of your heart,  
And all men that have loved right more than ease,  
And honor above honors; all who gave  
Free-handed of their best for other men,  
And thought their giving taking: they who knew  
Man's natural state is effort, up and up —  
All these were there, so great a company  
Perchance you marveled, wondering what great ship  
Had brought that throng unnumbered to the cove  
Where the boys used to beach their light canoe  
After old happy picnics —

But these, your friends and children, to whose hands  
Committed, in the silent night you rose  
And took your last faint steps —  
These led you down, O great American,  
Down to the Winter night and the white beach,  
And there you saw that the huge hull that waited  
Was not as are the boats of the other dead,  
Frail craft for a brief passage; no, for this  
Was first of a long line of towering transports,  
Storm-worn and ocean-weary every one,

The ships you launched, the ships you manned, the  
ships  
That now, returning from their sacred quest  
With the thrice-sacred burden of their dead,  
Lay waiting there to take you forth with them,  
Out with the ebb tide, on some farther quest.

*Edith Wharton,*  
*Saturday Evening Post Hyères, Jan. 7, 1919*

### AT SAGAMORE HILL

All things proceed as though the stage were set  
For acts arranged. I have not learned the part,  
The day enacts itself. I take the tube,  
Find daylight at Jamaica, know the place  
Through some rehearsal, all the country know  
Which glides along the window, is not seen  
For definite memory.

#### At Oyster Bay

A taxi stands in readiness; in a trice  
We circle strips of water, slopes of hills,  
Climb where a granite wall supports a hill.  
A mass of blossoms, ripening berries, too,  
And enter at a gate, go up a drive,  
Shadowed by larches, cedars, silver willows.  
This taxi just ahead is in the play,  
Is here in life as I had seen it in  
The crystal of prevision, reaches first  
The porte cochere. This moment from the door  
Comes Roosevelt, and greets the man who leaves  
The taxi just ahead, then waits for me,  
Puts a strong hand that softens into mine,  
And says, "O, this is bully!"

We go in.

He leaves my antecessor in a room  
Somewhere along the hall, and comes to me  
Who wait him in the roomy library.  
"How are those lovely daughters? Oh, by George!  
I thought I might forget their names.— I know —  
It's Madeline and Marcia. Yes, you know  
Corinne adores the picture which you sent  
Of Madeline.— Your boy, too? In the war!  
That's bully—tea is coming—we must talk,  
I have five hundred things to ask you. Set  
The tea things on this table, Anna.— Now,  
Do you take sugar, lemon? O, you smoke!  
I'll give you a cigar."

The talk begins.

He's dressed in canvas khaki, flannel shirt,  
Laced boots for farming, chopping trees, perhaps;  
A stocky frame, curtains of skin on cheeks  
Drained slightly of their fat; gash in the neck  
Where pus was emptied lately; one eye dim,  
And growing dimmer; almost blind in that.  
And when he walks he rolls a little like  
A man whose youth is fading, like a cart  
That rolls when springs are old. He is a moose,  
Scarred, battered from the hunters, thickets, stones;  
Some finest tips of antlers broken off,  
And eyes where images of ancient things  
Flit back and forth across them, keeping still  
A certain slumberous indifference  
Or wisdom, it may be.

But then the talk!

Bronze dolphins in a fountain cannot spout  
More streams at once: Of course the war, the emperor,  
America in the war, his sons in France,

The dangers, separation, let them go!  
 The fate has been appointed — to our task,  
 Live full our lives with duty, go to sleep!  
 "For I say," he exclaims, "the man who fears  
 To die should not be born, nor left to live."  
 It's Celtic poetry, ree verse; he says  
 "You nobly celebrate in your Spoon River  
 The pioneers, the soldiers of the past;  
 Why do you flout our Philippine adventure?"  
 "No difference, Colonel, in the stock; the difference  
 Lies in the causes." Well, another stream:  
 Mark Hanna, Quay and others. "What I hate,"  
 He says to me, "is the Pharisee — I can stand  
 All other men. And you will find the men  
 So much maligned had gentle qualities,  
 And noble dreams. Poor Quay, he loved the Indians.  
 Sent for me when he lay there dying, said,  
 'Look after such a tribe when I am dead.  
 I want to crawl upon a sunny rock  
 And die there like a wolf.'" "Did he say that,  
 Colonel, to you?" "Yea! and you know, a man  
 Who says a thing like that has in his soul  
 An orb of light to flash that meaning forth  
 Of heroism, nature."

Time goes on,  
 The play is staged, must end; my taxi comes  
 In half an hour or so. "Before it comes  
 Let's walk about the farm and see my corn."  
 A fellow on the porch is warming heels  
 As we go by. "I'll see him when you go,"  
 The Colonel says.

The railfence by the corn  
 Is good to lean on as we stand and talk  
 Of farming, cattle, country life. We turn,

Sit for some moments in a garden house  
On which a rose vine clammers all in bloom,  
And from this hilly place look at the strips  
Of water from the bay, a mile beyond,  
Below some several terraces of hills  
Where firs and pines are growing. This resembles  
A scene in Milton that I've read. He knows,  
Catches the reminiscence, quotes the lines —and then  
Something of country silence, look of grass  
Where the wind stirs it, mystical little breaths  
Coming between the roses; something, too,  
In Vulcan's figure; he is Vulcan. too,  
Deprived his shop, great bellows, hammer, anvil,  
Sitting so quietly beside me, hands  
Spread over knees; something of these evokes  
A pathos, and immediately in key  
With all of this he says: "I have achieved  
By labor, concentration; not at all  
By gifts or genius, being commonplace  
In all my faculties."

"Not all," I say.

"One faculty is not — your over-mind,  
Eyed front and back to see all faculties,  
Govern and watch them. If we let you state  
Your case against you, timid born, you say,  
Becoming brave; asthmatic, growing strong;  
No marksman, yet becoming skilled with guns;  
No gift of speech, yet winning golden speech;  
No gift of writing, writing books, no less  
Of our America to thrill and live —  
If, as I say, we let you state your case  
Against you as you do, there yet remains  
This over-mind, and that is what — a gift  
Of genius or of what?"

"By George," he says,  
"What are you, a theosophist?"

"I don't know.  
I know some men achieve a single thing,  
Like courage, charity, in this incarnation;  
You have achieved some twenty things. I think  
That this is going some for a man whose gifts  
Are commonplace and nothing else."

We rise  
And saunter toward the house — and there's the man  
Still warming heels; my taxi, too, has come.  
We are to meet next Wednesday in New York  
And finish up some subjects — he has thoughts  
How I can help America, if I drop  
This line or that a little, all in all.

\* \* \* \* \*

But something happens; I have met a loss;  
Would see no one, and write him I am off.  
And on that Wednesday flashes from the war  
Say Quentin has been killed: we had not met  
If I had stayed to meet him.

So, good-by  
Upon the lawn at Sagamore was good-by.

Master of Properties, you stage the scene  
And let us speak and pass into the wings!  
One thing was fitting — dying in your sleep.  
A touch of Nature, Colonel! You who loved  
And were beloved of Nature, felt her hand  
Upon your brow at last to give to you  
A bit of sleep, and after sleep — perhaps

Rest and rejuvenation — you will wake  
To newer labors, fresher victories  
Over those faculties not disciplined  
As you desired them in these sixty years.

*Chicago Evening Post*

*Edgar Lee Masters*

### EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

The world is what it is, no more nor less;  
And we who live in it and laugh or sigh  
Must walk the plank while other ships go by  
With men aboard in search of happiness,  
Fleeing before the lash of life's duress.  
And so, jeered on by pirate laughs, we die,  
And raise bewildered faces to a sky  
That seems to mock our haltered helplessness.

God may be in his heaven; I don't know,  
But we are dust of destiny, no more.  
And when the winds of passion cease to blow,  
Like dust we settle down upon the floor,  
And then the housemaid comes into the room  
And drives us forth with deft and busy broom.

*N. Y. Sun*

*Edwin Carty Ranck*

## JOHN MASEFIELD

### MASEFIELD (HIMSELF)

#### I

God said, and frowned, as He looked on Shropshire  
clay:

"Alone, 'twont do; composite, would I make  
This man-child rare; 'twere well, methinks, to take  
A handful from the Stratford tomb, and weigh  
A few of Shelley's ashes; Bunyan may  
Contribute, too, and, for my sweet Son's sake,  
I'll visit Avalon; then, let me slake  
The whole with Wyclif-water from the Bay.

A sailor, he! Too godly, though, I fear;  
Offset it with tobacco! Next, I'll find  
Hedge-roses, star-dust, and a vagrant's mind;  
His mother's heart now let me breathe upon;  
When west winds blow, I'll whisper in her ear:  
*'Apocalypse awaits him; call him John!'*"

### HIS PORTRAIT

#### II

A Man of Sorrows! with such haunted eyes,  
I trow, the Master looked across the lake,—  
Looked from the Judas-heart, so soon to make  
Of Him the world's historic sacrifice;  
Moreover, as I gaze, do more arise;  
Great souls, great pallid ghosts of pain, who wake  
And wander yet; all, weary men who brake  
Their hearts; all hemlock-drunk, with growing wise:  
Hudson adrift; Defoe; the Wandering Jew;  
Tannhauser; Faust; Andrea; phantoms, all,



In Masfield's eyes you lodge; and to the wall  
I turn you,— hand a-tremble,— lest you make  
Of mine own stricken eyes a mirror, too,  
Wherein the sad world's sadder for your sake.

HIS "DAUBER"

III

O Masfield's "Dauber!" You, who, being dead,  
Yet speak: heroic, dauntless, flaming soul,  
Too suddenly snuffed out! Here take fresh toll  
Of cognizance, and, in your ocean bed,  
Serenely rest, assured that who has read  
What you would fain have pictured of the Pole  
Would gladly match your part against the whole  
Of many a modern artist, Paris-bred.

And more than this: if you, indeed, are *his*,  
Then, by a dual truth, he, too, is yours;  
For, marked and credited by what endures,  
Were it the only thing which bears his name,  
(O deathless Soul, I speak you true in this!)  
"The Dauber" has brought Masfield to his fame.

HIS "GALLIPOLI"

IV

"Small wonder," speaks my pensive self, "that he  
Whose passion 'tis to sing of men who fail,—  
(Belabored, broken by The Unseen Flail)  
Small wonder that he makes *Gallipoli*  
His fervent text, for could there be  
A costlier failure in Earth's shuddering tale?  
Think of heroic Sulva's bloody swale;  
Of Anzac's tortured thirst and agony!"

But, as I read, protesting voices cry: "*Not we,  
Not we, who fell among the daffodils,  
Who conquered Death among those blistered hills,  
And found our glory after mortal pain;  
Not we who failed and lost Gallipoli;  
The sad, strange failure theirs who mourn in vain!*"

HIS MEED



So, Masfield, have your royal words once more  
Called forth the praise of men, where praise is due;  
Your great elegiac, tragically true,  
Must leave all Britain prouder than before;  
And, spite of all that breaking hearts deplore,  
And all that anguished consciences must rue,  
One arrowed gladness surely pierces through  
From London's centre to Canadian shore:

When England, sobbing, mourns Gallipoli,  
When warm tears flow for Rupert Brooke  
And all the splendid Youth her error took  
As hostage from the fields of daffodils,  
Let this a present, living solace be:  
*You* are not sleeping in those cruel hills!

*The Stratford Journal*

*Amy Bridgman*

## THE MAN OF THE MARNE

The gray battalions were driving down  
Like snow from the North on Paris Town.  
Dread and panic were in the air,  
The fate of empires hung by a hair.

With the world in the balance, what shall decide?  
How stem the sweep of the conquering tide?  
God of Justice, be not far  
In this our hour of holy war!  
In one man's valor, where all were men,  
The strength of a people was gathered then.

"My right is weakened, my left is thin,  
My center is almost driven in,"  
The soul of a patriot spoke through the hush,  
"I shall advance," said General Foch.

Forth from Paris to meet the storm  
They rushed like bees in an angry swarm.  
By motor and lorry and truck they came  
Swift as the wind and fierce as flame.  
Papa Joffre knew the trick  
Of stinging hot and hard and quick.  
Not for ambition and not for pride,  
For France they fought, for France they died,  
Striking the blow of the Marne that hurled  
The barbarians back and saved the world.  
The German against that hope forlorn  
Broke his drive like a crumpled horn.  
Their right was weakened, their left was thin,  
Their center was almost driven in;  
When the tide of battle turned with a rush —  
For France was there — and Ferdinand Foch.

Not since Garibaldi's stroke  
Freed his land from the Austrian yoke,  
And Italy after a thousand years  
Walked in beauty among her peers;  
Not since Nelson followed the star  
Of Freedom to triumph at Trafalgar  
On the tossing floor of the Western seas;

No, not since Miltiades  
 Fronted the Persian hosts and won  
 Against the tyrant at Marathon,  
 Has a greater defender of liberty  
 Stood and struck for the cause than he,  
 Whose right was weakened, whose left was thin,  
 Whose center was almost driven in,  
 But whose iron courage no fate could crush  
 Nor hinder. "I shall advance," said Foch.  
 We who are left to carry the fray  
 For civilization on to-day,  
 The war of the angels for goodly right  
 Against the devil of brutish might,—  
 The war for manhood, mercy, and love,  
 And peace with honor all price above,—  
 What shall we answer, how prepare,  
 For Destiny's challenge; *Who goes there?*  
 And pass with the willing and worthy to give  
 Life, that freedom and faith may live?  
 When promise and patience are wearing thin,  
 When endurance is almost driven in,  
 When our angels stand in a waiting hush,  
 Remember the Marne and Ferdinand Foch.

*McClure's Magazine*

*Bliss Carman*

## TOUL

Steadfast the hills of Toul,  
 Ever to northward gazing  
 Stand with a warrior's pride,  
 Unsleeping, steady eyed,  
     Over the broken plain their serried heads  
                     upraising.

Ancient, unwavering, armored from greave to helm,  
Mighty as Right, and uncompromising as Truth;  
Sternly you challenge each foe that would overwhelm,  
Yet gather about your armor the warm green togas  
of youth.

Drawn to the friendly shadow where the hems of  
your garments are reaching,  
Assemble the children of men, your wardenship  
shyly beseeching.  
Timorous in their mortality they have thronged to  
the feet of the hills,  
And your quiet immutable courage has nurtured their  
puny wills.

Towering twin spires pointing God-ward,  
They alone, mighty hills, scarcely heed you,—  
They seem in their faith not to need you,  
But have 'stablished their gentle rule  
Over the age-tinted roofs of the city of — Toul

Breached are the circling walls, crumbled and broken  
down,  
Where the errorless guns of Time have battered the  
ancient town;  
Bridging deep moats with the dust of eroding cen-  
turies past,  
With fetters of root and vine binding each draw-  
bridge fast.  
And the hoary watch-towers stand facing across the  
keep,  
Their eyelids filmed with moss and closed in a  
dreamless sleep.  
Time bears no withered grudge, but is proven a  
kindly foe  
Who smiles on the broken toys of the foemen of long  
ago.

He has seen them playing their games of war and  
harked to their battle calls,  
And marked them scooping their moats of sand and  
rearing their pebble walls.  
And he decks them now with his living wreaths, and  
leaves them beautified  
As monuments whereon men may gaze with a cleansed  
and worthy pride.

Beyond the ancient city walls green undulating farm  
lands reach,  
Fields that have cherished all who toiled, and granted  
simple gain to each.  
Here peaceful folk, who yet have formed stern ranks  
in war have steeled their wills;  
A gentle folk. who yet have proved a kinship to their  
steadfast hills.  
And here amid their shattered homes the ready-  
handed women toil,  
And delve or reap, all undismayed, to keep the faith  
with their own soil;  
Though it be plowed as hell is plowed, nor ever  
granted any rest,  
Though day by day sees deeper wounds disfiguring  
its generous breast;  
And suns shine kindly on a foe who spares not fane  
nor ancient rune,  
And Death flies over in the night, directed by the  
traitorous moon.  
Stern sentries ribbed and girt with rock, though old  
as Time, still standing fast,  
Are these fresh scars in roof and field a proof you  
fail your trust at last?

Moon mistress, here your lover-city lies,  
Weary of war, and seeks an hour for dreams;

Sleeping he smiles 'neath your caressing beams —  
Is there another lovelier in your eyes?  
Oh calm Delilah in your white nun's garb,  
What wanton's bribe has bought your soul away?  
You lead the mad assassin to his prey  
And guide the flight of that death-dealing barb.  
You could betray him — he who couched his lance  
As champion of beauty all his days.  
You seem alight with faith. Yet as I gaze  
Your light reveals the gaping wounds of France.

Twin spires of Toul, fretted against the sky —  
A spirit-city's upward pointing fingers —  
You tell of faith unwavering, still held high  
Despite that Judas one whose pale light lingers  
Upon your pinnacles. Not even Time  
Has touched your forms in aught save love and  
awe.

And from your courtyard throbs a steady rime —  
From feet of those that come to learn your law.  
I hear them singing there within your door,—  
Men from the gun-pit, women from the plow.  
I hear your bells ring clearly as of yore  
With tongues that never sang so sweet as now.  
Fled is the foeman, faded every danger,  
Gone is the blighting threat of foul misrule.  
"We are Truth," the hills shout;  
"We are Faith," the bells sing,

Clanging their song above the clustered roofs of  
Toul.

*The North American Review*      *Burges Johnson*

## BREST LEFT BEHIND

The sun strikes gold the dirty street,  
The band blares, the drums insist,  
And brown legs twinkle and muscles twist —  
Pound! — Pound! — the rhythmic feet.  
The laughing street-boys shout,  
And a couple of hags come out  
To grin and bob and clap.  
Stiff rusty black their dresses,  
And crispy white their Breton cap,  
Prim on white, smooth tresses.

Wait! . . . Wait! . . . While dun clouds droop  
Over the sunlit docks,  
Over the wet gray rocks  
And mast of steamer and sloop,  
And the old squat towers,  
Damp gray and mossy brown,  
Where lovely Ann looked down  
And dreamed rich dreams through long luxurious  
hours.

Sudden and swift, it rains!  
Familiar, fogging, gray;  
It blots the sky away  
And cuts the face with biting little pains.  
We grunt and poke shoes free of muddy cakes,  
Watching them messing out  
Upon the dock in thick brown lakes —  
“No more French mud!” the sergeant cries,  
And someone swears, and someone sighs,  
And the neat squads swing about.

Silent the looming hulk above —  
No camouflage this time —



She's white and tan and black!  
Hurry, bend, climb,  
Push forward, stagger back!  
How clean the wide deck seems,  
The bunks, how trim;  
And, oh, the musty smell of ships!  
Faces are set and grim,  
Thinking of months, this hope was pain;  
And eyes are full of dreams,  
And gay little tunes come springing to the lips —  
Home, home, again, again!

She's moving now,  
Across the prow  
The dusk-soft harbor bursts  
Into a shivering bloom of light  
From warehouse, warship, transport, tramp,  
And countless little bobbing masts  
Each flouts the night  
With eager boastful lamp —  
Bright now, now dimmer, dimmer,  
Fewer and fewer glimmer.  
Only the lights that mark the passing shore,  
Lofty and lonely star the gray —  
Then are no more.

We are alone with dusk and creamy spray.

The captain coughs, remembering the rain.  
The major coughs, remembering the mud.  
Some shudder at the horror of dark blood,  
Or wine-wet kisses, lewd.  
Some sigh, remembering new loves and farewell pain.  
Some smile, remembering old loves to be renewed.  
Silent, we stare across the deepening night.

France vanishing! — Swift, swift, the curling  
waves —

Fights and despair,  
And faces, fair;  
Proud heads held high  
For Victory;  
And flags above friends' graves.

The group buzzes, rustles, hums,  
Then stiffens as the colonel comes,  
A burly figure in the mellow light,  
With haughty, kingly ways.  
He does not scan the night,  
Nor hissing spray that flies,  
But his cold old glance plays  
Along the level of our eyes.

"I don't see very many tears," he says.

*Contemporary Verse*      John Chipman Farrar

## PSYCHONEUROSES

*The train sped through a tranquil countryside  
Where sheep, that day, had grazed across the grass  
With easy progress through the autumn sun.  
Eight sprawling men lay in the small compartment  
And dozed past fitful lurch and waking pain.*

The night is grinding through my head,  
Flat wheel, jolt and jar,  
Banging at my temples hot,  
Stinging needles, creaking car;  
Jim's dizzy face, a blot —  
And the quiet fields so far!

I know the doctors call us "nuts"—  
Oh, yes, I heard them say—  
We're off for special treatment . . . well,  
I'll tell 'em 'bout the day  
Artillery was falling short,  
And we pushed in the way.

*Eight sprawling men lay in the small compartment,  
Who jumped at every sudden roar and whistle  
Flung past them by the brutal, leaping night.  
The blue-globed lamp was dim and green and ghastly,  
And greasy shadows crossed each twisted face.*

There's Harry, nerves all gone, all gone—  
Was that a station bell?—  
His hands are shaking all the time—  
I hope they make us well—  
He hides his fists inside his coat,  
But the trembling pockets tell.

And Jim is worse than him, poor lad,  
He can't talk any more,  
The shells have left him speechless  
And— Good God, don't slam that door!—  
The sheep we passed this afternoon,  
They never heard of war.

Dick shouts to start a new attack,  
He says he's Colonel Dash.  
Don't let him grab that can of beef,  
He'll break— *a sudden crash!*  
*The pounding blackness rushes in*  
*Above the broken sash.*

The night rides grinding through my head,  
Flat wheel, jolt and jar,

Banging at my temples hot —  
And the quiet fields so far!

*N. Y. Sun Books and  
Book World*

*Charles Divine*

### GEE-UP DAR, MULES

He stood up in our khaki with the poise  
Of perfect soldiership beneath the praise  
Of the French officer. We caught the words,  
"Conspicuous courage," "bringing wounded in,"  
And "decorated with the cross of war."

Black-faced? Yes, just a nigger. Nine months  
since

He drove a span of bony cotton mules,  
And never had been out of Jasper County  
In Georgia, U. S. A.

They drafted him,  
Shipped him to barracks, broke him into drill;  
It was a changeling's life. I saw the lad  
After his first three days in cantonment;  
He had just finished polishing his teeth,—  
Novel achievement, and he swung the brush  
With beat ecstatic, chanting joyously:

"Lordy, lordy, got a toothbresh,  
Lordy, lordy, got a toothbresh,  
Lordy, lordy, got a toothbresh,  
And I'll go to heaven on a-high!"

Perhaps he sings now of the service medal,  
Or of some other meager badge or symbol  
Out of that rich and shattering experience  
Hurled round his simple soul. With hasty hand,

Life sweeps a loaded vivifying brush  
Over his old dull past.

And yet, I like  
To think he will come back to Jasper County;  
I picture him in patched and faded denims;  
Over the wagon wheel he mounts the seat,  
Evens the lines so the lead team won't jerk,  
Then all together the four nervous mules  
Will straighten tugs, dig in their toes, and pull.  
She shakes, she creaks, she rolls!  
"Gee-up dar, mules!"

"General Foch is a fine old French,  
He puts us niggers in a front line trench;  
The barb-wire down, and the barrage begun,—  
Boche sees a nigger, and the Boche he run,

O p' mourner!  
You shall be free  
When the good Lord sets you free!

"O, I hitched up the mules, and the mules worked  
fine;  
I hitched 'em to that Hinnenburg line,  
I drewed her back till I snapped her on the Rhine,  
An' the boss come along, and he give me my time.  
O po' mourner!  
You shall be free  
When the good Lord sets you free.  
Gwan-n, mules! Gee-up dar, mules!"

*Contemporary Verse*

*Edwin Ford Piper*

## FOR POETS SLAIN IN WAR

Happy the poets who fell in magnificent ways!  
Gayly they went in the pride of their blossoming days,  
Each with his vision of Liberty, chanting its praise.

Seeger and Ledwidge and Pearse and Brooke and  
Péguy —  
Names that are songs in the saying, that surely shall  
be  
Laurelled among the immortals, for all men to see.

Lo, they were darlings of destiny! Weakly we shed  
Even one tear that they lie at the barricades red,  
Splendidly dead for the Patria, splendidly dead!

*Ainslee's Magazine*      *Walter Adolphe Roberts*

## THE COMMON SICK

All we had heard was of wounded men,  
Of life which is crude and quick;  
And then we came to the wards again,  
To the plain, common sick.

*(There is no splendor in their pain —  
This is not new nor high —  
Unless it be a splendid thing  
Just to live and die.)*

All through the years of fighting  
These sick have been in bed.  
They have not heard the shrapnel —  
But silences instead.

Some are dulled with pain. They moan  
And do not think of war.  
And some lie still with quiet eyes  
And hands, just as before.

Life is within the walls to them —  
They live as a mystic would,  
Holding it softly in their hands.  
Who knows if they find it good?

From living they are very far,  
Behind this veil of pain,  
From joy and work and the spoken word  
And dawn and fragrant rain;

But still they feel Life stirring, stirring,  
The days come and go.  
Life bare and stark and still like this  
Only the sick can know.

This is sheer existence,  
And a silence which stirs with truth.  
All things merge to one — death  
And life, and age and youth.

Here thought is a slow, divining thing,  
Slow as the sea on stone.  
Not made "by art or men's device"  
Are the creeds they have shaped alone.

Would they care to play a game of sides,  
If they could rise and fight,  
When they know that all things made are one —  
All Life, and day and night?

*(There is no splendor in their pain —  
This is not new nor high —  
Unless it be a splendid thing  
Just to live and die.)*

*Scribner's Magazine      Louise Townsend Nicholl*

## DAYBREAK

Three years of night and nightmare, years of black  
Hate and its murderous attack,  
Three years of midnight terrors till the brain,  
Beaten in the intolerable campaign,  
Saw nothing but a world of driven men  
And skies that never could be clean again;  
Hot winds that tore the lungs, great gusts  
Of rotting madness and forgotten lusts;  
Hills draped with death; the beat of terrible wings;  
Flowers that smelt of carrion; monstrous things  
That crawled on iron bellies over trees  
And swarmed in blood, till even the seas  
Were one wet putrefaction, and the earth  
A violated grave of trampled mirth.  
What light there was, was only there to show  
Intolerance delivering blow on blow,  
Bigotry rampant, honor overborne,  
And faith derided with a blast of scorn.  
This was our daily darkness; we had thought  
All freedom worthless and all beauty naught.  
The eager, morning-hearted days were gone  
When we took joy in small things: in the sun,  
Tracing a delicate pattern through thick leaves,  
With its long, yellow pencils; or blue eaves  
Frosted with moonlight, and one ruddy star  
Ringing against the night, a chime



Like an insistent, single rhyme;  
Or see the full-blown moon stuck on a spar,  
A puff-ball flower on a rigid stalk;  
Or think of nothing better than to walk  
With one small boy and listen to the war  
Of waters pulling at a stubborn shore;  
Or laugh to see the waves run out of bounds  
Like boisterous and shaggy hounds;  
Watching the stealthy rollers come alive,  
And shake their silver manes and leap and dive;  
Or listen with him to the voiceless talk  
Of fireflies and daisies, feel the late  
Dusk full of unheard music or vibrate  
To a more actual magic, hear the notes  
Of birds with sunset shaking on their throats;  
Or watch the emerald and olive trees  
Turn purple ghosts in dusty distances;  
The city's kindling energy; the sweet  
Pastoral of an empty street;  
Foot-ball and friends; lyrics and daffodils;  
The sovereign splendor of the marching hills —  
These were all ours to choose from and enjoy  
Until this foul disease came to destroy  
The casual beneficence of life.

But now a thin edge, like a merciful knife,  
Pierces the shadows, and a chiseling ray  
Cuts the thick folds away.  
Murmurs of morning, glad, awakening cries,  
Hints of majestic rhythms, rise.  
Dawn will not be denied. The blackness shakes,  
And here a brand and there a beacon breaks  
Into the glory that will soon be hurled  
Over a cleared, rejuvenated world —  
A world of bright democracies, of fair  
Disputes, desires, and tolerance everywhere,

With laughter loose again, and time enough  
To feel the warm-lipped and cool-fingered love,  
With kindly passion lifted from the dead,  
Where daylight shall be bountifully spread,  
And darkness but a wide and welcome bed.

*The Century Magazine*

*Louis Untermeyer*

## DRUM TAPS TO HEAVEN

Peter at Heaven's Gate wearied of the game  
( 'Twas old folks, old folks, shivering up the stair),  
Spindle-shanks, wheezings, sparse and grizzled hair  
When whooping, thundering, boys by millions came;  
Blue eyes, black eyes, quivering eyes of flame  
Short step, sharp step, swinging to a flare;  
Torn breasts, rank hulks, through the shrapnel's  
glare.

Some were but shards and smears of the human frame  
Each lad looked down — he'd heard a mother cry.  
Each lad turned back — he'd heard a maiden sigh.

Peter did know — tows to the number seven.  
(For these mad feet had danced the rigadoons of  
earth,

These shouting mouths had kissed beneath pale moons  
of earth),

"Brave boys," he laughed, "we'll have some life in  
Heaven!"

Rat-a-tat — rat-a-tat — tir-r-r-rah!

Rat-a-tat — rat-a-tat — tir-r-r-rah!

Rat-a-tat — rat-a-tat — tir-r-r-rah — tir-r-r-rah  
— tah-tah!

Flat yellow faces watched the sunset skies  
(Sharp elbows nudged and eyes grew boldly rude);

While the grim twilight blotted with crimson, crude  
 Blood-drip of white boys storming Paradise.  
 Old yellow peoples saw their day rise:  
 Straight legs, quick brains, hashed to cannon-food  
 Lame lungs, weak wits, left to breed the brood.  
 Grunted the Orient, mocking, bland, and wise:  
 "Clang go the gold gates on husky daddies gone,  
 Rickets and drivel in your homes are born.  
 Bribe us to churches, bully us to schools,  
 Your weakling shall not cheat us in the marts of earth,  
 Your weaklings shall not strap us to the carts of earth,  
 O, blond-haired, blue-eyed, Nordic Race of Fools!"  
 Rat-a-tat — rat-a-tat — tir-r-r-rah!  
 Rat-a-tat — rat-a-tat — tir-r-r-rah!  
 Rat-a-tat — rat-a-tat — tir-r-r-rah — tah-tah!

*The Nation*

*James Church Alford*

## ROUGE BOUQUET

In a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet  
 There is a new-made grave to-day,  
 Built by never a spade nor pick  
 Yet covered with earth ten metres thick.  
 There lie many fighting men,  
     Dead in their youthful prime,  
 Never to laugh nor love again  
     Nor taste the Summertime.  
 For Death came flying through the air  
 And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,  
 Touched his prey and left them there,  
     Clay to clay.  
 He hid their bodies stealthily  
 In the soil of the land they fought to free  
     And fled away.

Now over the grave abrupt and clear  
Three volleys ring;  
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear  
The bugle sing:  
"Go to sleep!  
Go to sleep!  
Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell.  
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor,  
You will not need them any more.  
Danger's past;  
Now at last,  
Go to sleep!"

There is on earth no worthier grave  
To hold the bodies of the brave  
Than this place of pain and pride  
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.  
Never fear but in the skies  
Saints and angels stand  
Smiling with their holy eyes  
On this new-come band.  
St. Michael's sword darts through the air  
And touches the aureole on his hair  
As he sees them stand saluting there,  
His stalwart sons;  
And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill  
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still  
The Gael's blood runs.  
And up to Heaven's doorway floats,  
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,  
A delicate cloud of buglenotes  
That softly say:  
"Farewell!  
Farewell!  
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!  
Your souls shall be where the heroes are

And your memory shine like the morning-star.  
Brave and dear,  
Shield us here.  
Farewell!"

*Scribner's Magazine*

*Joyce Kilmer*

ROBERT CLAYTON WESTMAN OF  
MASSACHUSETTS

Died in France, August 10, 1919

I will make his name silver,  
I will loose it to run  
In terrible beauty  
From earth to the sun.

I will cast it in bronze  
And carve it in jade  
And ring it in bells  
That his memory made.

In beryl and jacinth,  
In onyx and flame,  
In pearl and chalcedony —  
His beautiful name.

I will set it in rubies  
Till it make the blood start,  
And oh, I will wear it  
In death on my heart!

Now you are dead, I have no more to fear,  
Desire drops from me like a garment sore,  
And there is no more scanning of the morning page,

For now my bird has split his golden cage  
Beyond men's knowing, beyond my touching more —  
Strange that so much should 'scape so small a door.

When others now cherish their little pains,  
Sighing for roses down old country lanes,  
And for love's nearness all the solemn night  
In some dim corner where the hedge is white,  
Wondering tomorrow who will stop cold lead,  
They cannot see me when I smile instead.

For you are dead, ivory, red, and brown,  
And all the dreams we builded have come down,  
And all the brave high hopes beyond despair  
Are netted now within your yellow hair,  
And all the laughter in your happy eyes  
Fades like blue violets beneath the unanswering skies.

Now let the guns their bitter bane releasing  
Thunder their diapason without ceasing;  
It will not be so very long till I  
Meet my own archangel shattering the sky;  
And till that summons, on my young, proud head  
I wear your beauty, now that you are dead.

Chipilly Ridge near Amiens is where the glory fell  
That showed the golden lad I love the fields of  
asphodel;  
He did not stay to mind the gate, he lifted up his  
face  
And knew the tender loveliness of heaven in that place.  
He never knew the bullet that had struck him in the  
mouth,  
He sighed a little weary sigh, and turned him to the  
south;

And then there stooped above him with burning love  
unpriced  
The strong and gentle Saviour: "I knew you'd come,  
dear Christ."

I was his teacher on a time  
Some happy seasons back,  
Guiding his hands and mind to trace  
Deep wisdoms that I lack.

Now dead in France, his tenderness  
Enfolds me as the sea,  
For I am like a little child  
In wonder at his knee.

"Bobbie, I love you," is all my heart can say  
No matter when I wake at night or wander in bright  
day;  
I do not lift a stone in place or any simple thing  
Without my shoulder feels your strength and all my  
pulses sing.

I know they tell me you are dead, yet we have things  
that keep  
Beyond the bourne of sense and touch, beneath the  
tides of sleep;  
For I have smiled into your face a dozen times each  
day  
And through the intervals of speech I hear each word  
you say.

I know I need not write these words as witness of  
our faith  
That met the Shadow ere he came and burst the dread  
of death;  
Yet, oh it is a happy thing I cannot learn to keep

Who have you with me all the day and touch you  
while I sleep!

Shallowest thoughts are soonest said,  
But deepest thoughts are hidden,  
Not often is our courage fed  
With the word unbidden.

And so I prize the silences  
With which your speech expresses  
A something finer by that lack  
Than any tongue confesses.

No words of mine could ever say  
One half of what is true,  
No reticence is graver than  
The poem that is you.

*Blest be the happy dead:  
Where'er they lay their head.  
Out-facers of pretence  
Who have achieved indifference.*

*The Boston Transcript*

*Willard Wattles*

### A VOLUNTEER'S GRAVE

Not long ago, it was a bird  
In vacant lilac skies  
Could stir the sleep that hardly closed  
His laughing eyes.

But here where murdering thunders rock  
The lintels of the dawn,



Altho they shake his shallow bed,  
Yet he sleeps on.

Another spring with rain and leaf  
And buds serenely red,  
And this field will have forgot  
Its youthful dead.

And, wise of heart, who loved him best  
Will be forgetting, too,  
Even before their own beds gleam  
With heedless dew.

Yet what have all the centuries  
Of purpose, pain, and joy  
Bequeathed us lovelier to recall  
Than this dead boy?

*William Alexander Percy*  
*The North American Review*

## AT PARTING

Bright summers fade, and all bright faces, too.  
It seems but yesterday that by the lake  
You stretched your brown length in the sun to bake,  
Or drove against the waves in your canoe.  
That summer Shakespeare lived again in you.  
You cried with him at Harfleur, Henry's speech,  
"Once more, dear friends, once more into the  
breach!"

Each day you went as Shakespeare's heroes do.  
So when the bright world darkened with a war  
You, the adventurer of dreams, aroused  
As one who recognized his hour, and sped

Into the danger's very heart and core.  
And now, farewell! They tell me you are housed  
Among the deathless, whom they call the dead.

*Harper's Magazine*

*Haniel Long*

## WHISPERS

I was very shy once  
And I dared not take  
Anything of happiness  
For fear my heart should break.

When the village lads came by  
At the dim of day,  
Once they whistled at the gate  
Soon they went away.

And I never staked the cow  
When the moon was new,  
But I heard hushed whispers  
From the early dew.

Now there are no whispers  
And I do not meet  
Jack or Allan any more  
In the dusky street.

Only Madge goes by me  
With a conscious glance:  
In her breast I know she hides  
A memory from France.

And Jenny never sees me  
When she steals by night

To set a taper to the lad  
Who once could clasp so tight.

Only I walk lonely  
The road I dared not take,  
And oh, the haunting whispers,  
And oh, the bitter ache!

*McClure's Magazine*

*Willard Wattles*

## EPICEDIUM

(In Memory of America's Dead in the Great War)

No more for them shall Evening's rose unclose,  
Nor Dawn's emblazoned panoplies be spread;  
Alike, the Rain's warm kiss, and stabbing snows,  
Unminded, fall upon each hallowed head.  
*But the Bugles, as they leap and wildly sing,  
Rejoice, . . . remembering.*

The guns' mad music their young ears have known —  
War's lullabies that moaned on Flanders Plain;  
To-night the Wind walks on them, still as stone,  
Where they lie huddled close as riven grain.  
*But the Drums, reverberating, proudly roll —  
They love a Soldier's soul!*

With arms out-flung, and eyes that laughed at Death,  
They drank the wine of sacrifice and loss;  
For them a life-time spanned a burning breath,  
And Truth they visioned, clean of earthly dross.  
*But the Fifes — can ye not hear their lusty shriek?  
They know, and now they speak!*

The lazy drift of cloud, the noon-day hum  
Of vagrant bees; the lark's untrammelled song  
Shall gladden them no more, who now lie dumb  
In Death's strange sleep, yet once were swift and  
strong.

*But the Bells that to all living listeners peal,  
With joy their deeds reveal!*

They have given their lives, with bodies bruised and  
broken,  
Upon their Country's altar they have bled;  
They have left, as priceless heritage, a token  
That Honor lives forever with the Dead.

*And the Bugles, as their rich notes rise and fall—  
They answer, knowing all.*

N. Y. Times

J. Corson Miller

## THE BAKING OF A MAN

*(An Indian Legend)*

"Sun," said Old Crow, with thunder scream that  
echoed to the sky,

"To-day Great Spirit makes his Man,  
The masterpiece of all his plan,  
And you must give us warmth and light, else new-  
born Man may die."

"What is this Man?" asked jealous Sun. "What do  
we need of him?"

Great Spirit has made creatures fair  
For all the waters, earth, and air.

I will not lend my fires to help along this foolish  
whim."

Up croaked Wise Raven: "Sun, be still, or the Great  
Spirit hears  
Your wicked words; then will he steep  
You in the quenching waters deep,  
And change you into clouds and mist and everlasting  
tears!"

Madly the Sun glowed in his rage upon the smiling  
plain,  
As with his hands Great Spirit scraped  
The richest mud, and Chief Man shaped  
According to his father wish, bestowing strength and  
brain.

Noontide, Great Spirit finished; then he smoked his  
pipe and slept.  
So wicked Sun burned black the Man,  
Who howled with pain and southward ran.  
When Old Crow saw the charred Two-legs, he woke  
his lord, and wept.

Great Spirit, he was angry, but still loved his beau-  
teous Sun.  
Next day again his Man he made  
And covered him with leaves, for shade,  
That he might not be blackened by the envious Golden  
One.

Alas, leaves were too thick, and Man turned out a  
chalky sight,  
And Raven and Old Crow were wroth,  
And led him to the snowy north.  
They wanted Man the proper hue — one neither black  
nor white.

Once more Great Spirit molded mud when Black and  
White were sped.  
He did not smoke or sleep or leave,  
And watched Man bake from morn till eve.  
Thus Man came forth the chosen shade — a noble,  
copper red!

*Ainslee's Magazine*

*D. E. Wheeler*

## THE EVERLASTING RETURN

It is dark . . . so dark,  
I remember the sun on Chios . . .  
It is still . . . so still,  
I hear the beat of our paddles on the Aegean . . .

Ten times we had watched the moon  
Rise like a thin white virgin out of the waters  
And round into a full maternity.  
For thrice ten times we had touched no flesh  
Save the man flesh on either hand  
That was black and bitter and salt  
And scaled by the sea.

The Athenian boy sat on my left.  
His hair was yellow as corn steeped in wine.  
On my right was Phildar, the Carthaginian,  
Grinning Phildar  
With his mouth pulled taut as by reins from his black  
gapped teeth.  
Many a whip had coiled about him  
And his shoulders were rutted deep as wet ground  
under chariot wheels  
And his skin was red and tough as a bull's hide cured  
in the sun.

He did not sing like the other slaves,  
But when a big wind came up he screamed with it.  
And always he looked out to sea,  
Save when he tore at his fish ends  
Or spat across me at the Greek boy whose mouth  
was red and apart like an opened fruit.

We had rowed from dawn  
And the green valley hard at our stern.  
(She was green and squat and skulked close to the  
sea.)  
All day the tish of their paddles had tickled our ears,  
And when night came on  
And little naked stars paddled in the water  
And half the crouching moon  
Slid over the silver belly of the sea, thick-scaled with  
light,  
We heard them singing at their oars —  
We who had no breath for song.

There was no sound in our boat  
Save the clingle of wrist chains  
And the sobbing of the young Greek.  
I cursed him that his hair blew in my mouth, tasting  
salt of the sea . . .  
I cursed him that his oar kept ill time . . .  
When he looked at me I cursed him again —  
That his eyes were soft like a woman's.

How long  
Since their last shell gouged our batteries?  
How long  
Since we rose to aim with a sleuth moon astern?  
. . . It was the damned green moon that nosed us  
out.

The moon flushed our periscope till it shone like a  
silver flame . . .  
They looked each man's right hand  
As the galley spent on our decks . . .  
Amazed and bloodied we reared half up  
And fought askew with the left hand shackled.  
But a zigzag fire leapt in our sockets  
And knotted our thews like string . . .  
Our thews were stiff as a crooked spine that would  
not straighten . . .

How long  
Since our gages fell  
And the sea shoved us under?  
It is dark, so dark —  
Darkness presses hairy-hot  
Where three make crowded company —  
And the rank steel smells.  
It is still, so still. . . .  
I seem to hear the wind  
On the dimpled face of the water fathoms above. . . .

It was still, so still . . .  
We three that were left alive  
Stared in each other's faces . . .  
(Three make bitter company at one man's bread. . .)  
And one grinned with his mouth awry from the long  
gapped teeth,  
And one shivered and whined like a gull as the  
waves pawed him over . . .  
But one stuck with his hate in his hand . . .  
His hate grown sharp and bright as the moon's edge  
in the water . . .

After that I remember  
Only the dead men's oars that flapped in the sea . . .



The deadmen's oars that rattled and clicked like  
idiots' tongues . . .

It is still, so still,  
With the jaron of engine's quiet.  
We three awaiting the crunch of the sea  
Reach our hands in the dark  
And touch each other's faces . . .  
We three, sheathing hate in our heart . . .  
But when hate shall have made its circuit,  
Our bones will be loving company  
Here in the sea's den . . .

One whimpers and cries on his God  
And one sits sullenly,  
But both draw away from me . . .  
I am the pyre their memories burn on . . .  
Like black flames leaping  
Our fiery gestures light the walled-in darkness of the  
sea . . .  
The sea that kneels above us  
And makes no sign . . .

*The New Republic*

*Lola Ridge*

### THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

There were faces to remember in the Valley of the  
Shadow,  
There were faces unregarded, there were faces to  
forget;  
There were fires of grief and fear that are a few  
forgotten ashes,  
There were sparks of recognition that are not for-  
gotten yet.

For at first, with an amazed and overwhelming indignation

At a measureless malfeasance that obscurely willed it thus,

They were lost and unacquainted — till they found themselves in others,

Who had groped as they were groping where dim ways were perilous.

There were lives that were dark as are the fears and intentions

Of a child who knows himself and is alone with what he knows;

There were pensioners of dreams and there were debtors of illusions,

All to fail before the triumph of a weed that only grows.

There were thirsting heirs of golden sieves that held not wine or water,

And had no names in traffic or more value there than toys:

There were blighted sons of wonder in the Valley of the Shadow,

Where they suffered and still wondered why their wonder made no noise.

There were slaves who dragged the shackles of a precedent unbroken,

Demonstrating the fulfillment of unalterable schemes, Which had been, before the cradle, Time's inexorable tenants

Of what were now the dusty ruins of their father's dreams.

There were these, and there were many who had stumbled up to manhood,

Where they saw too late the road they should have taken long ago;

There were thwarted clerks and fiddlers in the Valley of the Shadow,  
The commemorative wreckage of what others did not know.

And there were daughters older than the mothers who had borne them,  
Being older in their wisdom, which is older than the earth;  
And they were going forward only farther into darkness,  
Unrelieved as were the blasting obligations of their birth;  
And among them, giving always what was not for their possession,  
There were maidens, very quiet, with no quiet in their eyes:  
There were daughters of the silence in the Valley of the Shadow,  
Driven along in loving hundreds to the family sacrifice.

There were creepers among catacombs where dull regrets were torches,  
Giving light enough to show them what there was upon the shelves —  
Where there was more for them to see than pleasure would remember  
Of something that had been alive and once had been themselves.  
There were some who stirred the ruins with a solid imprecation.  
While as many fled repentance for the promise of despair:  
There were drinkers of wrong waters in the Valley of the Shadow,

And all the sparkling ways were dust that once had  
led them there.

There were some who knew the steps of Age in-  
credibly beside them,  
And his fingers upon shoulders that had never felt  
the wheel;  
And their last of empty trophies was a gilded cup of  
nothing:

Which a contemplating vagabond would not have come  
to steal.

Long and often had they figured for a larger valuation,  
But the size of their addition was the balance of a  
doubt:

There were gentlemen of leisure in the Valley of the  
Shadow,  
Not allured by retrospection, disenchanted, and played  
out.

And among the dark endurances of unavowed re-  
prisals

There were silent eyes of envy that saw little but saw  
well;

And over beauty's aftermath of hazardous ambitions  
There were tears for what had vanished as they van-  
ished where they fell.

Not assured of what was theirs, and always hungry  
for the nameless,

There were some whose only passion was for Time  
who made them cold:

There were numerous fair women in the Valley of  
the Shadow

Dreaming rather less of heaven than of hell when  
they were old.

Now and then, as if to scorn the common touch of  
common sorrow,  
There were some who gave a few the distant pity of  
a smile;  
While another cloaked a soul as with an ash of human  
embers,  
Having covered thus a treasure that would last him  
for a while  
There were many by the presence of the many disaffected,  
Whose exemption was included in the weight that  
others bore:  
There were seekers after darkness in the Valley of  
the Shadow,  
And they alone were there to find what they were  
looking for.

There they were, and there they are; and as they  
came are coming others  
And among them are the fearless and the meek and  
the unborn;  
And a question that has held us heretofore without an  
answer  
May abide without an answer until all have ceased  
to mourn.  
But the children of the dark are more to name than are  
the wretched,  
Or the broken, or the weary, or the baffled, or the  
shamed:  
There are builders of new mansions in the Valley  
of the Shadow,  
And among them are the dying and the blinded and  
the maimed.

*Edwin Arlington Robinson*  
*The Atlantic Monthly*

## VICISSITUDES

I remember passionate flights  
After the divine,  
In the starlit summer nights:  
God it seemed was mine.

I remember dark despair,  
Not a star to see,  
God no longer anywhere,  
Anywhere for me.

Still they come and still they go.  
How I cannot tell,  
Darkness after starry glow,  
Heaven after hell.

*The Stratford Journal*

*Gamaliel Bradford*

## SERVITORS

I shall not let a sorrow die  
Until I find the heart of it,  
Nor let a wordless joy go by  
Until it talks with me a bit;  
And the ache my body knows  
Shall teach me more than to another,  
I shall look deep at mire and rose  
Until each one becomes my brother.

Of my spirit and my flesh  
I shall net myself a mesh,  
Drawing the web both close and fine  
To snare all things therein, until

They yield their secret to my will;  
And if a proud high heart is mine,  
Good luck and ill luck both will be  
Equal servitors to me.

*The Bookman*

*Sara Teasdale*

## TRELAWNEY LIES BY SHELLEY

*(In the Protestant Cemetery, Rome)*

Trelawney lies by Shelley, and one bed  
Of violets covers Keats and Seyern, so  
The friends who went life's way together know  
No parting of the ways now they are dead.  
Young Shelley, like a spirit, spoke and fled,  
And Keats, before his youth began to blow;  
Trelawney counted eighty winters' snow,  
And eighty winters fell on Severn's head.

Yet here they lie, like poppies at one stroke  
Cut by the selfsame blade in the summer sun;  
The poets, and the friends who heard their song,  
Believed and waited till the morning broke,  
Then told their candle that the night was done;  
When Friendship rested in the daytide strong.

*The Bookman*

*Charles L. O'Donnell,  
Chaplain 332nd Infantry, A. E. F., Italy*

## THE YOUNG SQUIRE

I have sung me a stave, a stave or two,  
I have drunk me a stoop of wine,  
I have roystered across a world that was dew  
And a sea that was sunlight's brine.

And now I'll go down where the need is not  
Of a singing heart, but a sword;  
I'll fight where the dead men welter and rot  
With the hard-pressed host of the Lord.

And should I come back again, 'twill be  
With accolade and spurs,  
And many a tale of chivalry,  
And the deeds of warriors.

And should I not, O break for me  
No buds nor funeral boughs —  
I go with the noblest company  
That ever death did house.

*The Bellman*

*William Alexander Percy*

## TWO CANALS

The old canal forlorn, forsaken crawls,  
Its locks decayed and its low water stirred  
By minnows, all its past ensepulchred  
In whispering walls.

Here mystery holds the moments with delight.  
The banks are dark with groves; the paths, half  
blotted,



Struggle along the edges bramble-knotted,  
Scentful as night.

The rough-hewn chasm is never entered now.  
The steep walls, viny with forgetfulness,  
Out from their crevices push flower and cress  
And greening bough.

And parallel, and half a mile away,  
The new canal, a broad deep channel, reaches  
Across the prairie where the sunshine bleaches  
The grass all day.

Its lines are open to the eye and clear.  
New minds laid out the granite with new science,  
And new invention wrought for time's defiance  
The perfect gear.

Soon it shall bear high steamers on its breast;  
Soon, with the shedding forth of its renown,  
River shall tell to river, town to town  
The world's unrest.

Ah, but a tree, a vine, a rose? Not one!  
The banks stretch out monotonous and bare.  
Naked and smooth the peerless walls upglare  
When the day is done.

Modernity, build strong! The price we know.  
Bring to the land new steel, new stone, new faces!  
But it's in the crannies of the old, old places  
The flowers grow.

*The Dial*

*Agnes Lee*

## THERMOPYLAE AND GOLGOTHA

Men lied to them and so they went to die  
Some fell, unknowing that they were deceived,  
And some escaped, and bitterly bereaved,  
Beheld the truth they loved shrink to a lie  
And those there were that never had believed,  
But from afar had read the gathering sky,  
And darkly wrapt in that dread prophecy  
Died trusting that their truth might be retrieved.

It matters not. For life deals thus with Man;  
To die alone deceived or with the mass,  
Or disillusioned to complete his span.  
Thermopylae or Golgotha, all one —  
The young dead legions in the narrow pass;  
The stark black cross against the setting sun.

*The Nation*

*Robert Hillyer*

## THE END

My father got me strong and straight and slim  
And I give thanks to him.  
My mother bore me glad and sound and sweet,  
I kiss her feet!

But now, with me, their generation fails  
And nevermore avails  
To cast through me the ancient mould again,  
Such women and men.

I have no son, whose life of flesh and fire  
Sprang from my splendid sire;

No daughter for whose soul my mother's flesh  
Wrought raiment fresh.

Life's venerable rhythms like a flood  
Beat in my brain and blood,  
Crying from all generations past,  
"Is this the last?"

And I make answer to my haughty dead,  
Who made me, heart and head,  
"Even the sunbeams falter, flicker and bend —  
I am the end."

*Contemporary Verse*

*Marguerite Wilkinson*

### THE FUNERAL OF ANTONIO GIANNO

Above the fruit store down on Biddle street,  
Where he found humble solace and a rest  
From that unwritten law whose final test  
Predestined him for vengeance's winding sheet —  
In that now empty chamber, just the sweet  
Faint scent of flowers where each parting guest  
Gave springtime's tribute to the dispossessed,  
A memory and fragrance of defeat!

As guardians at that dark door where came  
The cortege, tapers with their glow half-spent  
On shadow fade and finger with a flame.  
And down the dim worn stairway, trampled, bent,  
Crushed petals, with their blood upon his name —  
The devastation of the last descent!

*Detroit Sunday News*

*Stirling Bowen*

## THE FUNERAL

When I am dead  
Lay me not straightly in a lidded bed,  
A dark cell, satin walled,  
(Satin has always set my nerves on edge).  
Heap me not with the heavy scented pledge  
Of pallid lilies, freesias' waxy bloom,  
Narcissus (always in a room  
Their breath has sickened me),  
Let not my friends be called,  
And others who have never been my friends,  
To crowd, uneasy, in the close, hushed gloom  
Of shutters which outprison sun and breezes,  
While in a corner where he has been shoved,  
Suave and black gloved,  
And glad,

The undertaker servilely attends,  
And one I hardly knew  
Pays tribute to the things I did not do,  
Chants comfort with a solemn-voiced appeal,  
For grief, he says, that no one ought to feel.

For restlessly  
I'll tickle a child's nose until he sneezes  
And if the music's strain be slow and drear,  
I'll break the wailing voice of one who sings,  
And snap maliciously the viol's strings.  
Low in the ear  
Of one who was most near  
I'll whisper whimsies not to be withstood,  
Till a shrill giggle sending tension slack,  
Pulls it so swiftly taut it waits to crack.  
Those who have loved me not  
I'll smile to hear,

In a dry agony,  
Strangely embarrassed, praying for a tear;  
But the red eyes of those whom I held dear  
Shall shame themselves and me.

Rattle me not, a grim procession's head,  
On rough roads to the still, green covered plot  
Where the dead  
Lie and rot.

When I am dead  
Give me the kind, swift flames to set me free;  
And in the empty room I leave behind  
In the spilled sun set roses red,  
And let a lazy wind  
Drift the light curtains gladly  
To and fro.

Although  
If I should be elected  
To be vivisected,  
I should be interested and proud.  
Oh, anything is better than monuments erected  
And a shroud.

*The New Republic*

*Carolyn C. Wilson*

## PORTRAIT OF ONE DEAD

This is her house. On one side there is darkness,  
On one side there is light.  
Into the darkness you may lift your lanterns  
O, any number — it will still be night.  
And there are echoing stairs to lead you downward  
To long sonorous halls.

And here is spring forever at these windows  
With roses on the walls.

This is her room. On one side there is music —  
On one side not a sound.  
At one step she could move from love to silence,  
Feel myriad darkness coiling round.  
And here are balconies from which she heard you,  
Your steady footstep on the stair.  
And here the glass in which she saw your shadow  
As she unbound her hair.

Here is the room — with ghostly walls dissolving —  
The twilight room in which she called you "lover";  
And the floorless room in which she called you  
"friend."

So many times, in doubt, she ran between them! —  
Through windy corridors of darkening end.

Here she could stand with one dim light above her  
And hear far music, like a sea in caverns,  
Beating away at hollowed walls of stone.  
And here, in a roofless room when it was raining,  
She bore the patient sorrow of rain alone.

Your words were walls which suddenly froze around  
her.  
Your words were windows — large enough for moon-  
light,  
Too small to let her through.  
Your letters — fragrant cloisters faint with music.  
The music that assuaged her there was you.

How many times she heard your step ascending  
Yet never saw your face!  
She heard them turn again, ring slowly fainter,

Till silence swept the place.  
Why had you gone? . . . The door, perhaps, mistaken . . .  
You would go elsewhere. The deep walls were shaken.

A certain rose-leaf — sent without intention —  
Became, with time, a woven web of fire —  
She wore it, and was warm.  
A certain hurried glance, let fall at parting,  
Became, with time, a woven web of fire —

Yet there was nothing asked, no hint to tell you  
Of secret idols carved in secret chambers  
From all you did and said.  
Nothing was done, until at last she knew you.  
Nothing was known till somehow she was dead.

How did she die? — You say she died of poison.  
Simple and swift. And much to be regretted.  
You did not see her pass  
So many thousand times from light to darkness,  
Pausing so many times before her glass;

You did not see how many times she hurried  
To lean from certain windows, vainly hoping,  
Passionate still for beauty, remembered spring.  
You did not know how long she clung to music,  
You did not hear her sing.

Did she, then, make her choice, and step out bravely  
From sound to silence — close, herself, those windows?  
Or was it true, instead,

That darkness moved,— for once,— and so possessed  
her? . . .

We'll never know, you say, for she is dead.

*Conrad Aiken*

*Others, A Magazine of the New Verse*

### WILL YOU STEP INTO MY GRAVE, SIR?

Will you step into my grave, sir? said the digger  
to the dead:

You will find it quite as restful, sir, as any human bed;  
There'll be lilacs at the head of you and violets at  
your feet,

In June the grass will cover you; and the snow will  
be your sheet.

The rain will thrill a song for you, the wind will  
tell a tale,

The willow roots will wrap your heart and hold and  
never fail,

And time will soon forget you, and yourself, forget-  
ting time,

Will climb to sun and flash with leaves and fall again  
and climb.

I will stretch your bones out straightly, and lay you  
softly down,

And crown the fever of your days with slumber for  
a crown.

And none shall come to trouble you, and none shall  
call your name —

You shall not start at sound of love, nor stir at sound  
of blame. . . .



Will you step into my grave, sir? said the digger to  
the dead —  
It is more soft and quiet, far, than any human  
bed. . . .  
There'll be oak trees at the head of you, and willows  
at the feet,  
The blackbirds will sing for you, the snow will be  
your sheet.

*The Dial*

*Conrad Aiken*

### EPITAPH ON A MADMAN'S GRAVE

The time had come to kill himself, he said,  
Because at night he couldn't run and dive  
Into a pool of sleep heels over head  
The way he used to do when he was five.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

*Morris Gilbert*

### THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY

The people of the earth are mighty,  
And their time is at hand.  
They do not yet dream how soon,  
But I dream.

The rulers of the earth are stubborn,  
But their end is at hand.  
They do not dare to think of the end,  
But I dare.

The dead of the earth are past reckoning,  
But they are still to be reckoned with.

They do not seem to be living,  
But I live.

For to dream and to dare  
Is the only life,  
And to dream and to dare and to die  
Is the only resurrection.

*Contemporary Verse*

*Witter Bynner*

### L'ENVOI

When the time for parting comes, and the day is on  
the wane,  
And the silent evening darkens over hill and over  
plain,  
And earth holds no more sorrow, no more grief, and  
no more pain,  
Shall we weary for the battle and the strife?

When at last the trail is ending, and the stars are  
growing near,  
And we breathe the breath of conquest, and the voices  
that we hear  
Are the great companions' voices that have hallowed  
year on year,  
Shall we know an instant's grieving as we pass?

Shall we pause a fleeting moment ere we grasp the  
eager hands,  
Take one last long look of wonder at the dimming of  
the lands,  
Love the earth one glowing moment ere we pass from  
its demands,  
Cull all beauty in its essence as we gaze?

Or with not one backward longing shall we leap the  
last abyss,  
Scale the highest crags glad-hearted, fearful only  
lest the bliss  
Of an earth-remembering instant should delay the  
great sun's kiss —  
Consuming us within the splendor of the flame?

*Century Magazine*     *Dorothea Lawrance Mann*

## FOR WALT WHITMAN

### COMRADES AND LOVERS, REST NOT

Oh, you genteel, conventional, uncourageous,  
Bank president, suave, and your anaemic women,  
Professional Y. M. C. A. secretaries and directors  
of boards of welfare,  
Holders of doctorates from Leipzig and your con-  
servative, purposeless students,  
Village newspaper men, telling as your own what  
your party central committees have told you,  
Reactionary government officials, pretending to be effi-  
cient in the public service,  
Blustering Western politicians, ignorant of history,  
blunderers in logic, opponents of free speech, of  
justice to women, of world service by America,  
Impassive women, believing that sex is sinful, un-  
willing to face proved truth, taking refuge in  
ponderous, ridiculous, superstitious platitudes,  
And you who paid sixty dollars for a set of Walt  
Whitman's works and have not opened it ex-  
cept to paste in your bookplate with its fatuous  
Latin motto —

All your conventional illiberals, evaders of fact and decision, distrustful of others, distrustful of yourselves,

You will praise Walt Whitman this month because it is fashionable to observe his centenary.

It is well: you are better satisfied that you do not know him.

For do you think Walt Whitman the egotist, the unconventional, the liberal, the sincere, the frank, the healthy, the free, the light-hearted, the heroic, The glad, the rough, the tender, the democrat, the American, the world-citizen, the friend of the worker,

Poet of the body, poet of the soul, poet of every dauntless rebel,

Would want to associate with you, or do you think you would want to associate with him?

What do you care for America, real America, for democracy, and for the name of America and the name of democracy

In England, France, Jugo-Slavia, Russia, Mexico, Argentina, Poland, Brazil, Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium, the Ukraine, Japan, Liberia, China, Italy, New Zealand?

You would have America secede from the world — self-cultured, sufficient,

You would make her an old maid, hopeless, childless, pitied or despised,

You would destroy democracy by establishing a peacetime espionage, a censorship of life and art and opinion.

And this month you will yawp the praises of Whitman, You who have met Whitman on Broadway, in Camden, in Lawrence, in the mines of Arizona, and on the prairies of North Dakota.

Yes, you have met him and have not recognized him;  
You have met him and hated and scorned him.

Afoot and light-hearted, Walt Whitman still is travel-  
ing the open road,

And the long brown path is still before him.

He sat by the bedsides of dying boys in the hospitals  
of Europe,

He strode past the White House in Washington as  
another President looked out and exclaimed,

"Well, *he* looks like a *man*!"

He marched with the Russian hosts that overthrew  
the Czar in that silent revolution,

He sat in the assembly room with the striking tele-  
phone operators of Massachusetts,

He paces the quays and the streets of Paris as a new  
world is a-making.

He sees his vision not wholly realized, but yet on the  
point of realization:

The Asiatic and the African hand in hand — the  
European and American hand in hand.

And you, carpenters, farmers, deckhands, weavers,  
printers, bridge builders, pickers of cotton in  
the South and harvesters of wheat in the North,

Sheep herders, brakemen, brick masons, telephone op-  
erators, shop girls, wheel tappers, waiters, do-  
mestics, workers in mines, mail carriers, white-  
wings, laborers skilled and unskilled,

Yes, and you lawyers, doctors, writers, engineers,  
manufacturers, shop-keepers,

All of you who are fair and honest and seekers after  
justice for all men,

Walt Whitman will return to lead you on the open  
road of honesty, frankness, democracy.

(Most of you never owned a volume of Walt Whit-

man, but he is your companion and you are his  
companions, beloved, inseparable.)  
You are his great companions, you are his swift and  
majestic men, you are his greatest women.  
You and he will travel together the long brown path,  
the grand road of the universe,  
Seeking only perfect democracy, seeking only the  
glory of America as she serves the universe.  
Comrades and lovers,  
Comrades and lovers,  
Comrades and lovers,  
Rest not.

*Nelson Antrim Crawford*

## THE GODS LAUGHED ON HIGH OLYMPUS

I think the gods laughed on high Olympus as they  
plucked you like a green, singing leaf from off  
their wreathéd brows,  
And planted you on the flat shores of Manhattan!

— This was their wild jest, Walt Whitman!  
How the gods laughed as you pushed your grappling  
roots, lifted your clamorous branches;  
As you spread, lush, rank, magnificent, singing your  
unpruned songs;  
As you unfolded passionate buds and ripened strange,  
sweet fruits among the home fields and farms;  
How the gods laughed and how they listened!  
As you shouted your bold thoughts,  
Matched your metres with the rhymes and rhythms of  
wind and sea, forest and bird,  
Punctuated carelessly with lightnings and thunders  
and with the stars,  
As you called from the roofs and from the hills and  
rivers and from your lovers' arms,

Your great, unshackled song!  
Song of serene defiance and joyous challenge,  
Of vision and prophecy and truth courageous,  
Of men and women and generations past and generations to come,  
Of all things living and all things green-growing,  
Of governments and peoples, marching armies and vast ships, distant lands and These States,  
Of music, colors, perfumes, games, occupations, trades,  
Of cities of the East and cities of the West, their streets and crowds, their sounds and silences,  
Of public opinion and cosmic brotherhood,  
Of the body, its weaknesses and its strengths, its abominations and its beauties,  
Of the soul,  
Of life and death!  
Song of God and all Gods,  
Song of love and all loves,  
Song of Walt Whitman!

— What would your song be now, O poet insurgent?  
You that sang,  
“Did we think victory great?  
So it is — But now it seems to me, when it cannot be help'd, that defeat is great,  
And that death and dismay are great.”

You that sang,  
“Resist much, obey little.”  
What would your songs be today?

See! The gods laugh no more!  
For singing lies bound in the silent dungeons of thought suppressed,  
Thousands of sweet singers are inarticulate, thou-

sands are dead, their young songs rotting in  
their dead throats!

—And we whisper among ourselves and we listen;  
We wade through our own turgid impatience,  
We wait at our own doors,  
We hammer at our own souls!

There is a hush on Manhattan;  
There is a hush on all the world;  
We listen — for your swirling song,  
We listen — for your coming, Walt Whitman!

*Leonora Speyer*

## TO THE ANSWERER

So now we are summoned together to worship and  
set down our worshippings?  
You who "put things in their attitudes," what shall  
we say of you?  
How shall we say it?  
Pioneer, Emigrant, Seeker, and Trail Blazer,  
Voice of our time,—  
In puny tunes, after your thunderings,  
In a thin tinkle of rhyme?

We must come to you each in his fashion  
And make a *Romanza*;  
Some in red riots of wording and some in pale pas-  
sion;  
There are those who are lyric and lovely  
And those who are ugly and strong;  
You — having "the pass-key of hearts" — will you  
weave us



In a good pattern?—"Eye-singers, head-singers,  
weird-singers "

In a mosaic of song.

There is Margaret Widdemer's lute;  
Its tone is as warm as her cheek;  
Amelia Josephine Burr will be calling and thralling  
you

With the clear call of her flute;  
And Edgar Lee Masters shall come  
To make you grave music upon his bass viol  
And brave music, bleak and unbeautiful, on his bass  
drum.

There is Edwin Arlington Robinson  
To build compositions  
Deep and difficult, brilliant, arresting,  
At the pianoforte,  
And Louis Ledoux's cool harmonies  
In the depth of the temple,  
In the high-ceiled Inner Court,  
And then Clement Wood shall pipe you away to the  
downs

(Especially if it be April!)  
But you will come back to hear  
The perfect melody, poignant and pure and crystal-  
clear

Of Sara Teasdale's harp,  
And William Rose Benét's blithe bugle,  
Very sweet, very sharp,  
Routing you out for the new things, the true things,  
And when you hear the bag-pipes  
Skirling, whirling,  
Calling men out of the bonds that bind them  
To dull days and drab ways,  
You will know Vachel Lindsay's behind them,  
And when you hear a delicate old rigadon

On a rosewood spinnet  
 You'll think you know  
 Sarah Cleghorn, but she may straightway blow  
 A blast on a tremendous trumpet,  
 And then you'll meet  
 Mary Carolyn Davies with her happy little hurdy-  
     gurdy  
 Trundling tunes in every stuffy street  
 Till they open windows and doors to the sun and  
     air,—  
 Tunes to make you chuckle, tunes to make you grieve,  
 And Amy Lowell, amazing, incredible craftsman,  
 Technician, magician,  
 Beating her brassy cymbals very loudly  
 So you may not suspect the pipe-organ up her sleeve!  
 And at last, at the end of the day,  
 Witter Bynner will tuck his violin  
 Under his chin  
 Sitting cross-legged in the fire-light,  
 And play the heart out of you (Even You, Answerer!)  
 Play the heart in.

" Ear-singers, love-singers, night-singers "  
 Singing to make your *romanza*,  
 Bringing you tribute, little or large,  
 Never quite knowing you,  
 Yet more nearly " strong and content " because of  
     you;  
 Needing and owing you,—  
 (Oh, the deep debt we have owed!)  
 " Usual and near, removed from none . . . "  
 More nearly able, because of you,  
 To follow, " afoot and light-hearted,"  
 The " long brown path " before us —  
 The open road!

*Ruth Comfort Mitchell*



**THE YEARBOOK  
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*This list is not confined to articles on American poets or poetry, but includes articles and reviews dealing with all aspects of poetry printed in American publications. While the list is extensive it is not claimed to be complete. It provides, however, a valuable working source of reference for any who wish to make a critical study of contemporary poetry, either American or European.*

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Ware, Richard D. *Rediscoveries*. The Cornhill Co.

Warren, G. O. *The Sword*. Longmans, Green & Co.

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Wattles, Willard. *Lanterns in Gethsemane*. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Watts, Harvey M. *Jehovah, God of Battles, Up to Date*. The John C. Winston Co.

Webster, Lorin. *Chips from a Busy Workshop*. Richard G. Badger.

Weik, Mary. *Adventure*. The Poet Lore Co.

Wells, Carolyn. *Such Nonsense!* George H. Doran Co.

Welsh, James C. *Songs of a Miner*. G. P. Putnam's Sons



- Whitall, James. *Chinese Lyrics*. Translated from the French. B. W. Huebsch
- Whitman, Walt. *Leaves of Grass*. David McKay.
- Wieland, Helen E. *Music and Memory, and Other Poems*. Richard G. Badger.
- Wigren, Bessie C. *Summer Wind*. The Poet Lore Co.
- Wilbur, Russell J. *Theodore Roosevelt*. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Wilcox, Alice Wilson. *Treasured Nature Lyrics*. Richard G. Badger.
- Wild, Rayton S. *Idylls of the Skillet Fork*. Ralph Fletcher Seymour.
- Wilson, Eugene E. Lieutenant-Commander. *Comrades of the Mist*. George Sully & Co.
- Wood, Clement. *The Earth Turns South*. E. P. Dutton & Co.
- Wood, Warren. *Voices from the Valley*. The Cornhill Co.
- Yale Review. *War Poems*. Yale University Press.
- Yeats, W. B. *The Wild Swans at Coole*. The Macmillan Co.

## A SELECT LIST OF BOOKS ABOUT POETS AND POETRY

- Brown, W. Sorley. *Lord Alfred Douglas the Man and the Poet*. John McQueen & Son.
- Brownson, Carleton L. *Xenophon Hellenica*. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Colson, Ethel M. *How to Read Poetry*. A. C. McClurg & Co.
- Cook, Howard Willard. *Our Poets of Today*. Moffat, Yard & Co.
- Crees, J. H. E. *George Meredith*. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Cunliffe, J. W. *English Literature During the Last Half Century*. Macmillan Co.
- Emerson, Edward Waldo. *The Early Years of the Saturday Club*. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Gilliam, Edward Winslow. *Robert Burns*. The Cornhill Co.
- Goad, Caroline. *Horace in the English Literature of the Eighteenth Century*. Yale University Press.
- Gosse, Edmund and Wise, Thomas James (John Lane Co.). *The Letters of Algernon*. Charles Swinburne.
- Grandgent, C. G. *The Power of Dante*. Marshall Jones Co.
- Harned, Thomas B. *The Letters of Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman*. Doubleday, Page & Co.
- Harvey, Alexander. *Shelley's Elopement*. Alfred A. Knopf.
- Hazeltine, Alice I. *A Study of William Shenstone and of His Critics*. George Banta Publishing Co.
- Holliday, Robert Cortes. *Joyce Kilmer*. George H. Doran Co.
- Lawrence, Edwin Gordon. *Sidelights on Shakespeare*. The Stratford Co.

Lowes, John Livingston. *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*.  
Houghton Mifflin Co.

Marsh, Edward. *Rupert Brooke*. John Lane Co.  
Messer, William Stuart. *The Dream in Homer and Greek  
Tragedy*. Lemeke & Buechner.

Newbolt, Henry. *A New Study of English Poetry*. E. P.  
Dutton & Co.

Palmer, George Herbert. *Formative Types in English  
Poetry*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Paton, W. R. *The Greek Anthology*. G. P. Putnam's  
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Phelps, William Lyon. *The Advance of English Poetry in  
the Twentieth Century*. Dodd Mead & Co.

Radhakrishnan, S. *The Philosophy of Rabindranath Ta-  
gore*. Macmillan Co.

Ramsay, G. G. *Juvenal and Persius*. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Sedgwick, Henry Dwight. *Dante*. Yale University Press.  
Stone, Wilbur Macey. *The Divine and Moral Songs of  
Isaac Watts*. Privately printed.

Symonds, John Addington. *In the Key of Blue*. The Mac-  
millan Co.

Untermeyer, Louis. *The New Era in American Poetry*.  
Henry Holt & Co.

Ward, Thomas Humphry. *The English Poets*. Macmil-  
lan Co.

Watt, Francis. *Canterbury Pilgrims and Their Ways*.  
Dodd Mead & Co.

White, Florence Donnell. *Voltaire's Essay on Epic Poetry*.  
The Brandow Printing Co.

Whitehouse, H. Remson. *The Life of Lamartine*. Hough-  
ton Mifflin Co.

Whiting, Lillian. *The Golden Road*. Little Brown &  
Co.

Wilcox, Ella Wheeler. *The Worlds and I*. George H.  
Doran Co.

Wright, Jack Morris. *A Poet of the Air*. Houghton Mif-  
flin Co.

## SOME IMPORTANT VOLUMES OF POEMS PUBLISHED DURING 1918-1919

*Banners.* By *Babette Deutsch*. These poems, in which there is both temperament and imagination, show a strong visual sense and a power to evoke symbols.

*Candles That Burn.* By *Aline Kilmer*. "Candles That Burn" is a collection of poems, full of the beauty of domestic scenes and sentiments. Her art is of rare simplicity, and is delightful in its fragrance.

*Cornhuskers.* By *Carl Sandburg*. Mr. Sandburg, is essentially a rebel and an idealist and the only difference between "Cornhuskers" and "Chicago Poems" is the shifting of his passion from the city to the prairie.

*Counter-Attack and Other Poems.* By *Siegfried Sassoon*. Through "Counter-Attack" Mr. Sassoon has burned into our spirits the pain and foolishness of war with an art that is keen with irony but whose edge glows with tenderness and mercy.

*Courage!* By *Richard Mansfield*. Although fanciful in touch and somewhat youthful in expression, these poems are matured in substance and firm in thought.

*The Drums in Our Street.* By *Mary Carolyn Davies*. This book is very uplifting, for it brings back a recollection of our war ideals. In it, Miss Davies shows the gift of clear, simple, and singing lines, giving expression to wistful and tender moods.

*The Earth Turns South.* By *Clement Wood*. In writing the "Earth Turns South," Mr. Wood realized that like Whitman he is a spiritual artist and mystic, and that his power lies in this direction.

*Echoes and Realities.* By *Walter Prichard Eaton*. This volume of poems is full of changing moods and experiences. They are the result of Eaton's contact with nature viewed from the imaginative and realistic side of his character.

*Fairies and Fusileers.* By Robert Graves. Graves' poetry is whimsical, bright, gay, with a humor fantastic, to which the war has given just a tinge of unavoidable sadness.

*Gods and Devils.* By John Russell McCarthy. In "Gods or Devils," Mr. McCarthy is the protestor of creeds. Through the poems runs an underbody of thought, not destructive but renunciatory against existing customs.

*Growing Pains.* By Jean Starr Untermeyer. "Growing Pains" shows Mrs. Untermeyer's distinctive quality of severity. There is nothing for "art's sake"; but the severity is not without loveliness, the loveliness of the rhythmic grace flowing into the substance from the form.

*The Heart of Peace.* By Lawrence Housman. Mr. Housman has the appealing gift of fantasy, but in the "Heart of Peace" as in all his verse, you only catch a faint pressure of it. Magic almost blooms, then suddenly, it vanishes into the commonplace.

*In Flanders Fields.* By John McCrae. "In Flanders Fields" is universally popular because of its immortal symbol of sacrifice. It is great because of its elevated mood, profound substance, and exalted vision.

*Jane, Joseph and John.* By Ralph Bergengren. This delightful book is about the wonders of childhood. It pictures a big world in a little one, where trifles are made into wonders.

*Japanese Prints.* By John Gould Fletcher. "Japanese Prints" is an endeavor to give the spirit of the Japanese hokku poetry, spiritual allegories full of delicate and suggestive charm.

*Lanterns in Gethsemane.* By Willard Wattles. The spirit in these poems is nearer akin to the Assisian and St. Francis Xavier than to the doctrinaires and dialecticians of religion who are moved by theological rather than humane interests.

*Memoir and Poems (Joyce Kilmer).* By Robert Cortes Holliday. This volume contains the collection of poems written by Kilmer, the dead poet, who was an artist of a fine order.

*Minna and Myself.* By Maxwell Bohenheim. The best of these poems are delicately and imaginatively shaped, sometimes with a spiritual significance; although a few are blinded by incoherency.

*The New Day.* By Scudder Middleton. The spirit of/

this book is an embracing vision of human hope entering upon a new era. About some poems, there is a sculpturesque dignity and in all of Middleton's poetry, there is an undercurrent of magic.

*Out of Doors.* By John Russell McCarthy. In "Out of Doors," Mr. McCarthy is the nature poet with a delightfully simple note of joyousness, a heart that sees loveliness in all nature.

*The Parables of a Madman.* By Kahill Gibran. Kahill Gibran is the William Blake of the twentieth century. The illustrations in this book are very striking, full of vigorous and flowing rhythm of line.

*Poems of Service and Sacrifice.* By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. Mrs. Robinson's calm visionary assurance tipped with the flame of that truth which is imagination, gives the poems their distinctive quality.

*The Sad Years.* By Dora Sigerson. "The Sad Years" is essential poetry, as Mrs. Hinkson says, but her visions are so overwhelmed with grief, that they nearly snap.

*Songs of a Miner.* By James C. Welsh. "Songs of a Miner" is the production of a poet who emerged from a coal mine. He wrote this book with the quiet artistry he has acquired since, with a fine sense of verbal expression and genuine feeling.

*The Song of Three Friends.* By John G. Neihardt. "The Song of Three Friends" is a romantic historical poem, striking and imaginative. It is a new kind of American poetry.

*Songs to A. H. R.* By Cale Young Rice. This book is a collection of songs written by Mr. Rice to his wife. In addition to a delightful spirit of companionship, they have a very satisfying glow of devotion and praise.

*The Verses of a Rebel.* By Bernard Gilbert. Some of these poems are poems of rebellious passion touched here and there with biting humor; and others are nature poems of a quiet and tender passion.

*Visions of New York.* By Frederick Mortimer Clapp. In this book, Mr. Clapp applies his extraordinary visual imagination upon the scenes and associations of New York, a corporate reality of gigantic symbols from which he disengages spiritual ideals.

*The Wild Swans at Coole.* By W. B. Yeats. This collection has the old-time graces of Mr. Yeats' poetry. It is full of subtle workmanship and symbolic imagery.

*Young Adventure.* By Stephen Vincent Benét. In spite of the author's youth, "Young Adventure" not only has the quality of imagination, but it also has beautiful symbolic and visionary qualities.

## BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX

**ADAMS, KATHARINE.** Was born in Elmira, N. Y., educated at Neuilly, France, and Columbia University. She has lived in France, Sweden, and Ireland, and is the daughter of Edward Le Grand Adams, the present American consul at Dublin, Ireland. She is the author of *Light and Mist*, a book of poems. She lives in New York City.

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**AIKEN, CONRAD.** Was born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1889, educated at Harvard University. Devotes himself entirely to literature. Is the author of five volumes of verse, *Earth Triumphant and Other Tales in Verse, Turns and Movies, The Jig of Forslin, Nocturne of Remembered Spring*, and *The Charnel Rose*; a volume of criticism called *The Ivory Tower* from his pen will appear this autumn. His home is at Yarmouth, Mass.

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**ALVORD, JAMES CHURCH.** Lives in South Attleboro, Mass., and is a well-known contributor of verse to the magazines.

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**BRADFORD, GAMALIEL.** Was born at Boston, Oct. 9, 1863, was at Harvard University for a few months with class of 1886, but educated "mainly by ill-health and a vagrant imagination." Writer, whose interests are writing and human nature. Is author of *A Pageant of Life* (verse), *Unmade in Heaven* (drama), *Lee, the American*, *Union Portraits*, *Confederate Portraits*, and various novels. He is soon to publish a long poem of five hundred octave stanzas upon which he has bestowed the labor of thirty years. Home, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

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BRIDGMAN, AMY. Was born at Amherst, Mass., Nov. 13, 1863, educated in the schools of Amherst and under private masters in this country and abroad. She is Associate Principal of the Hillbrow School, Newton, Mass., and takes a special interest in child study, literature and music. She is the author of *Flame Song*, a volume of verse. Her home is in Newton, Mass.

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BRODY, ALTER. Was born in Russia. Is the leader in a movement to make a place on the stage for poetry. Published this year a volume of verse called *A Family Album*, and Other Poems. Lives in New York.

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BYNNER, WITTER. Was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 12, 1881, educated at Harvard College, class '02. Became an editor after leaving college, but has since lectured widely over the country, and last year at the University of California; has always been "persistently a poet and playwright." Is author of *An Ode to Harvard and Other Poems*, *Grenstone Poems*, *The Beloved Stranger*, *The New World*, and *Spectra* which was published under the name of Emmanuel Morgan and with Anne Knish (Arthur Davison Ficke), a clever hoax on the radical school of free verse poets; his plays are *Tiger*, *The Little King* and *Iphigenia*. His home is "Barberry House," Cornish, N. H. (P. O. Windsor, Vt).

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CARLIN, FRANCIS. Was born at Bay Shore, Long Island, April 7, 1881, educated at Parochial School, Norwalk, Conn. Was employed as floor-walker at R. H. Macy and Co., New York; has been seriously ill during the past year. His life has been a devotion to "the day's job and the night's business with Beauty." Is author of *My Ireland*, *Rhymes and Simple Songs*. Home, New York City.

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CARMAN, BLISS. Was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, April 15, 1861, educated at University of New Bruns-

wick, University of Edinburgh, and Harvard, where he studied law. Was early engaged in editorial work, but since 1894 devoted entirely to literary work. Is the author of many volumes in prose and verse. Home, New Canaan, Conn.

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CONKLING, GRACE HAZARD. Is on the faculty at Smith College. Has lived in Mexico, which colors much of her poetry. Is the author of *Afternoons of April*, a volume of verse. Home, Northampton, Mass.

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CRAWFORD, NELSON ANTRIM. Was born at Miller, S. Dak., May 4, 1888, educated at the State University of Iowa, A.B., and University of Kansas, A.M. Is Head of Department of Industrial Journalism and Printing, Kansas State Agricultural College. His interests are "primarily in journalism and the fine arts." Recreations are fishing and photography. He is Associate Editor of *The Midland: A Magazine of the Middle West*. Home, Manhattan, Kansas.

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CROMWELL, GLADYS. Was born in New York City, in 1889, and died with her sister through self-destruction, the result of over-strain from canteen work at the front, in the early spring of this year, off the coast of France. She was the author of a volume of verse, *Gates of Utterance*, and a posthumous collection has been edited by Padraic Colum for publication this autumn.

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DARGAN, OLIVE TILFORD. Was born in Grayson County, Ky., educated at the University of Nashville and Radcliffe College. Next to writing poems and dramas, her chief interest is in farming. She has published *Semiramis and Other Plays*, *Lords and Lovers*, *The Mortal Gods* (plays), *Path Flower*, *The Cycle's Rim* (poems), and *The Welsh Pony*. Her home is in Almond, N. C., though she spends her winters in New York.

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DAVIES, MARY CAROLYN. Was born in the State of Washington, received her early training at Kasle, British Colum-

bia, and Portland, Ore., and was a student at the University of California, and New York University. "I make my living by writing verse alone," she says, "and therefore my occupation is dodging creditors." But since Miss Davies' recent marriage her occupation has, perhaps, been denied her. "My interests," she continues, "are chiefly broncho-riding, canoeing, and basket-ball; and in the East (where she spends her winters), where I cannot have these, free verse." She has written plays performed at the Greenwich Village Theatre, and is the author of a volume of verse, *The Drums in Our Street*.

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DIVINE, CHARLES. Was born at Binghamton, N. Y., educated at Cornell, after which he took up newspaper work in New York City. He was with the A. E. F. in France, where he worked his way to a commission as lieutenant. He is the author of a volume of verse, *City Ways and Company Streets*.

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FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD. Was born in Arkansas, was graduated from Harvard, and now lives in England. He is one of the leaders of the Imagist school of poets. He has published many volumes in both the conventional and vers libre styles.

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GLAENZER, RICHARD BUTLER. Is a graduate of Yale and after a short but successful business career made his home in Bermuda.

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GORMAN, HERBERT S. Was born in Springfield, Mass., Jan. 1, 1893, educated at the Technical High School, Springfield, Mass. Newspaper man, at present assistant night City Editor of the New York *Sun*. His interests are poetry, criticism, and music. Home, New York City.

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HUCKFIELD, LEYLAND. Was born at Hillfurze, Worcester, England, in 1882, educated at the English National School. Is a horticulturist, and has a deep interest in anthropology

and political economy. Has published a volume of verse, *Legend of the Rose and Other Poems*. Home, Rochester, Minn.

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HILLYER, ROBERT. Was educated at Harvard, where he is at present an instructor. Was in France. Has published a volume of poems called *Sonnets and Lyrics*. Lives in Cambridge, Mass.

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JOHNSON, BURGESS. Was born in Rutland, Vt., Nov. 9, 1877, educated in New England and Chicago schools, and at Amherst College. Is teacher, author and editor, being Associate Professor of English at Vassar College, and editor of the *Bulletin of the Authors' League of America*. Is author of *Rhymes of Little Boys*, *Rhymes of Home*, *Rhymes of Little Folks*, *Bashful Ballads*, and the *Bubble Books*. In prose he has written *The Well of English and the Bucket*. He lives at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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JONES, JR., THOMAS S. Was born at Utica, New York, and educated at Cornell. After a brief engagement in newspaper work, he has devoted himself to the writing of poetry. He is the author of several volumes of poems, notable among them being *The Path of Dreams*, *The Voice in the Silence*, and *The Rose Jar*, the latter having gone through many editions. He lives in New York City.

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KILMER, ALINE. Was born in Norfolk, Va., in 1888, educated at the Vaile Deane school, Elizabeth, N. J. She is the widow of the poet-soldier Joyce Kilmer, who was killed in action in 1918. She is the author of a volume of verse, *Candles that Burn*. Her home is in Larchmont, N. Y.

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KILMER, JOYCE. Was born in New Brunswick, N. J., in 1886, educated at Columbia University. He was killed in action during the Second Battle of the Marne, July 30, 1918. The author of several volumes in prose and verse. A *Collected Edition* of his works was edited with a Memoir by Robert Cortes Holliday and published early this year. It was one of the most successful publications of the year.

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KREYMBORG, ALFRED. Was born in New York City, Dec. 10, 1883, educated in the Public Schools, follows writing as

a profession with diversions in lecturing and editing — while being interested in “most everything!” He is the author of *Erna Vitek* (a novel), *Mushrooms*, *Clavichords* (poems), *Plays for Poem-Mimes* and *Plays for Merry Andrews*; has edited *Others*, *An Anthology of the New Verse*, for 1916, and 1917. He lives in New York City.

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LEDoux, Louis V. Was born in New York City and educated at Columbia University. Is the author of *The Shadow of Ætna* (poems), *Izdra, A Tragedy*, and *The Story of Eleusis* (poetic plays). His home is at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

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LEE, AGNES (MRS. OTTO FREER). Was born in Chicago, and educated in Switzerland and America. Is the author of *Verses for Children*, *The Border of the Lake*, and *The Sharing*; she has translated from the French Theophile Gautier's *Emaux et Camées* and Fernand Grech's *La Maison de l'Enfance*. Her home is in Chicago.

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LINDSAY, VACHEL. Was born in Springfield, Ill., Nov. 10, 1879, educated at the Springfield High School, Hiram College, Chicago Art Institute, and the New York School of Art. Mainly a writer of verse, though he spent ten years as an art student, and lectured three winters at the Metropolitan Art Museum. Was at one time Moving Picture critic for the *New Republic*. Gives recitals of his verse in the winter, but lives eight or nine months in the year in the house in which he was born, giving, as he says, “ninety per cent of energy to the writing of verse.” In prose he has published (these books should be read in the order here given to fully understand Mr. Lindsay's democratic art theories) *A Handy Guide for Beggars*, *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty*, and *The Art of the Moving Picture* (in which a democratic æsthetic system is applied to a special art in verse); his volumes are, *General William Booth Enters into Heaven*, and *Other Poems*, *The Congo*, and *Other Poems*, and *The Chinese Nightingale*, and *Other Poems*. Early in the New Year Mr. Lindsay will publish another volume of verse, *The Golden Whales of California*, and *Other Rhymes in the American Language*. Home, Springfield, Ill.

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**LONG, HANIEL.** Was born at Rangoon, Burmah, Mar. 9, 1888, educated at Exeter, and Harvard University. Is Associate Professor in English, School of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. Is interested in art and education. Home, "Endiom," Naples, N. Y.

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**LOWELL, AMY.** Was born in Brookline, Mass., Feb. 8, 1874, educated at private schools. Devotes herself to literature. She has published two prose volumes, *Six French Poets*, and *Tendencies to Modern American Poetry*; her volumes of verse are, *A Dome of Many Colored Glass*, *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*, *Men, Women and Ghosts*, and *Pictures of a Floating World*, the latter published this autumn. Her home is "Sevenels," Brookline, Mass.

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**MANN, DOROTHEA LAWRENCE.** Was born at Gloucester, Mass., Jan. 26, 1887, educated at the Malden High School, and Wellesley College. Engaged in writing poetry, short stories, and literary criticism. Interests, books and the drama. Her volume of poems, *An Acreage of Lyric*, was published this autumn. Home, Malden, Mass.

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**McKAY, CLAUDE.** Was born in Jamaica, W. I., Sept. 15, 1889, and privately educated by his brother, and studied agriculture two years at the Kansas State College. He says, "Have no definite occupation and hope I shall never have any—now working in a Brooklyn factory. No interests, but a great admiration for anything in life, letters and art that possesses real beauty or truth." He is the author of *Songs of Jamaica*, published in Kingston, Jamaica, 1911; a new collection of his poems is to be issued this winter by Alfred A. Knopf. He lives in New York.

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**MASTERS, EDGAR LEE.** Was born at Garnet, Kan., Aug. 23, 1869, attended the Lewiston, Ill., High School, later studying law. He is a lawyer and writer. Author of the following books, two of which are prose: *A Book of Verse*, 1898, *Maximilian, A Drama*, 1902, *The New Star Chamber*, 1904 (prose), *Blood of the Prophets*, 1905 (prose), *The Trifler*, 1907, *Songs and Sonnets, First Series*, 1910, *Songs and Sonnets, Second Series*, 1912, *Spoon River Anthology*, 1915, *Songs and Satires*, 1916, *The Great Valley*, 1916, and *Toward the Gulf*, 1918. Home, Chicago, Ill.

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MIDDLETON, SCUDDER. Was born in New York City, Sept. 9, 1888, educated at Columbia University. He is engaged in the publishing business. Author of *Streets and Faces* and *The New Day*. Home, New York City.

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MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT. Was born in Rockland, Maine, Feb. 22, 1892, educated at Vassar College. Is the author of *Renascence, and Other Poems*. She lives in New York.

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MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT (MRS. WILLIAM SANBORN YOUNG). Was born in Los Angeles. She has written plays and stories as well as verse; though is best known as the author of *The Night Court and Other Poems*. Her home is in Los Gatos, California, though she frequently spends the winter in New York.

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MORTON, DAVID. Was born at Elkton, Ky., Feb. 21, 1886, educated at Vanderbilt University. He is a teacher of English at the Morristown, N. J., High School. He will soon publish his first volume of poems. He lives at The Mansion House, Morristown, N. J.

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NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND. Was born at Scotch Plains, N. J., Oct. 25, 1890, educated at Smith College. Has been a newspaper writer but now Associate Editor of *Contemporary Verse*. Engaged on important work soon to be published.

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O'BRIEN, EDWARD J. Was born in Boston, Mass., Dec. 10, 1890, educated at Boston College, and Harvard University. Has devoted himself entirely to literature. Edited *The Man Forbid, and Other Essays*, by John Davidson, *The Renegade Poet, and Other Essays* by Francis Thompson, *Essays in Criticism: Third Series* by Matthew Arnold, *The Best Short Stories for 1915, The Best Short Stories for*

1916, *The Best Short Stories for 1917*, and will issue subsequent annual volumes in the same series. He is also the author of *The Journal of Arthur Middleton*, which was published anonymously at the beginning of the year. The poems so far have been collected in the volume *White Fountains: Odes and Lyrics*. His other publications are *The Best Modern Short Stories*, and in translation *Three Odes of Paul Claudel*, and *The Inferno* by Henri Barbusse. Home, South Yarmouth, Mass., P. O., Bass River, Mass.

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O'DONNELL, CHARLES L. Is connected with the University of Notre Dame. During the war he served as chaplain to the forces in France and Italy. He is the author of a volume of verse, *The Dead Musician and Other Poems*.

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PIPER, EDWIN FORD. Was born at Auburn, Neb., Feb. 8, 1871, educated at the University of Nebraska, and Harvard. Teaches English, has a vital interest in collecting ballads, farms, and is a lover of outdoor sports. Author of an extraordinary book of poems, *Barbed Wire, and Other Poems*. Home, Iowa City, Ia.

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PERCY, WILLIAM ALEXANDER. Was born at Greenville, Miss., May 4, 1885, educated at the University of the South, and the Harvard Law School. By profession a lawyer. Is the author of a book of poems, *Sappho in Leukas and Other Poems*. He saw service in France as a commissioned officer. His home is at Greenville, Miss.

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RANCE, EDWIN CARTY. Was born in Lexington, Ky., educated at private schools and Harvard University. He is a dramatist, short story writer, and dramatic critic. Poetry and the drama are his chief interests. He has written and had produced the following plays: *The Night Riders*, staged by the Harvard Dramatic Club, *The Call of the Mountain*, produced by the 47 Workshop at Harvard, and *We Are the People* (in collaboration with Frederick Ballard), produced by John Craig at the Castle Square Theatre, Boston. He lives in New York.

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ROBERTS, WALTER ADOLPHE. Was born Oct. 15, 1886. Is editor and author. Interested in politics and the literature



of Latin nations. Chess player. Author of *Pierrot Wounded and Other Poems*. Lives in New York.

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RIDGE, LOLA. Was born in Australia. Became prominent the early part of this year as the author of a remarkable book of poems, *The Ghetto and Other Poems*. Lives in New York.

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ROBINSON, CORINNE ROOSEVELT. Was born in New York City in 1861, educated at home. Interested in literary, civic, and philanthropic affairs. Has published three volumes of poems, *The Call to Brotherhood and Other Poems*, *One Woman to Another and Other Poems*, and *Service and Sacrifice*.

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ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON. Was born in Gardner, Maine, Dec. 22, 1869. He is the first of living American poets. His books are: *The Children of the Night*, *Captain Craig, A Book of Poems*, *The Town Down the River*, *The Man Against the Sky*, and *Merlin*. He won this year The Lyric Society Prize of \$500 for the best manuscript of poems with his *Lancelot and Guinevere*. He lives in New York.

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ROBINSON, ELOISE. Was born in Amelia, O., in 1889, educated at Western College, Oxford, O., Mount Holyoke, and Wellesley College. Her occupation is writing; interests, "everything," she says. Has edited *The Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont*, and will soon publish a volume of her own poems. She lives in Cincinnati, O.

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SANDBURG, CARL. Was born in Galesburg, Ill., in 1879, educated at Lombard College. Has worked as a reporter on the *Chicago Daily News*. He is a man much beloved by his friends and admirers. Is the author of *Chicago Poems* and *Cornhuskers*, the latter volume being co-winner, with Margaret Widdemer's *The Old Road to Paradise*, of the Columbia University Prize of \$500 for the best book of poems by an American poet published during 1918. His home is at Maywood, Ill.

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**SARETT, LEW.** Was born in Chicago, Ill., May 16, 1888, educated at Beloit College, University of Michigan, University of Illinois, and Harvard University. His occupations have been varied, as he has been woodsman, guide, lecturer with the Redpath Chautauquas and the Pond Lyceum Bureau; at present is Associate in English at the University of Illinois; his interests include the Speech arts, literary criticism, hunting, fishing, the Canadian woods, Indians (whom he interprets poetically) and frontier folk. Early in the new year, Henry Holt and Co. are bringing out his volume *Many, Many Moons, A Book of Wilderness Poems*. His home is in Champaign, Ill.

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**SPEYER, LEONORA.** Was born in Washington, D. C., in 1872, and educated there. Before marriage was a professional violinist, having played with Anton, Seidl, Nikisch, Sir Henry Wood, etc. Has a deep interest in music and poetry. Will publish a volume of her poems in the new year.

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**STEARNS, HAROLD CRAWFORD.** Was born in Dunkirk, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1890, educated at Phillips Academy and Yale College. Is instructor in English at Phillips Academy. Interests, reading and writing verse, the theatres, golf and motor-touring. Is the author of *Interludes*, a volume of verse, and has edited *The Andover Book of Graduate Verse*, published this autumn. Home, Andover, Mass.

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**STORK, CHARLES WHARTON.** Was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 12, 1881, educated at Haverford College, Harvard, University of Pennsylvania, and abroad. Is writer and editor; interested in original poetry and translations of German and Swedish verse, and literary criticism. Has published three volumes of original verse, *Day Dreams of Greece*, *The Queen of Orplede*, and *Sea and Bay*; has edited *Two Plays of William Rowley* (University of Pennsylvania Publications); contributed a poetic play and fifty-five lyrics to *German Classics*; edited an *Anthology of Swedish Lyrics*; translated the *Selected Poems of Gustaf Froding*,

*Lyrics of Hugo von Hoffmansthal and Selected Poems of Verner von Heidenstam* (Sweden's Laureate).

A Dream of England . . . . . 112

TEASDALE, SARA. Was born in St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 8, 1884, educated at private schools in St. Louis. Her chief interest is poetry, and her chief occupation is in writing it. In private life she is Mrs. Ernest Filsinger, wife of the author of *Trading in South America*. She is the author of *Helen of Troy and Other Poems, Rivers to the Sea*, which was the first volume to win the Columbia University Prize of \$500 for the best book of poems by an American poet. She has also edited *The Answering Voice: One Hundred Love Lyrics by Women*. She lives in New York.

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TORRENCE, RIDGELY. Was born in Xenia, O., educated at Princeton University. Author of *Granny Maumee, and Other Plays*. He lives in New York City.

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UNTERMAYER, LOUIS. Was born in New York City, Oct. 1, 1886, educated in the New York Grammar Schools. Declares himself as "Jeweler, Designer, Factory Superintendent, Reviewer—sometimes a poet," and that his favorite pursuits are "Swimming, Playing Tennis, and the Piano." Author of, in verse, *First Love, Challenge,—And Other Poets and These Times*; was one of the contributors to *The Younger Quire*, has translated *Heinrich Heine—325 Poems*, an anthology of American poets since Whitman for class-room use; and is the author of *The New Era in American Poetry*, a critical discussion of contemporary American poets. He lives in New York City.

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WATTLES, WILLARD. Was born in Baynesville, Kan., June 8, 1888, educated at the University of Kansas, A.B., A.M. Was co-author with Harry Kemp of a volume of verse, *Songs from the Hill*, and editor of *Sunflowers, A Book of Kansas Poems*. A volume of his poems, *Lanterns of Geth-*

*semans*, was recently published. Is a teacher at the University of Kansas. Home, Lawrence, Kan.

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WHARTON, EDITH. Famous for many novels that have given her a high place in contemporary literature.

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WILKINSON, MARGUERITE. Has achieved distinction as a critic, lately publishing *The New Voices, An Introduction to Contemporary Poetry*. Her contributions in verse to the magazines are well-known. She lives in New York City.

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WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS. By profession a physician, who also diagnoses the art of poetry. Is proving himself, in this respect, a very deft surgeon. Has occasionally edited *Others, A Magazine of the New Verse*. Is the author of a volume of poems, *Al Que Quiero*. He lives in New Jersey.

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WOOD, CLEMENT. Was born in Tuscaloosa, Ala., Sept. 1, 1888, educated at the University of Alabama, A.B., '09; Yale, LL.B., '11. A writer and teacher, his interests are in "poetry, tennis, and life." He is the author of two volumes of verse, *Glad of Earth* and *The Earth Turns South*, the latter published this year. He lives in New York City.

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WYNNE, ANNETTE. Was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., educated at New York University and Columbia University. Is a teacher of English literature. Has brought out this autumn *For Days and Days, A Book of Child Verse*, a clever and appealing collection. A volume of her poems

will be published in the New Year and will show that her gifts are not confined to the interpretation of child life. She lives in New York City.

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